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by James K. Glassman

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FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,754

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CORRESPONDENCE

BANS, BOMBS, AND SDI

To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer mentions the widely expressed fear among our allies that we might withdraw behind the Strategic Defense Initiative shield and leave them unprotected ("Reykjavik and the End of Days," November 17). But such isolationism is not a practical option if we assume the fully developed SDI would strike at missiles from the moment of launch. This is because missiles take off *straight up*. Only after the boosters have dropped away and the warheads are in their final trajectories can we estimate where they will strike. And if we wait that long, we have missed the best chance to destroy them. A full SDI system cannot pick and choose which missiles to shoot down, zapping only those aimed at us.

The obvious doctrine has to be that all rocket launches must be first cleared with the SDI controllers (and their Soviet counterparts). Anything launched without prior notification will be zapped instantly, as will anything that veers from the approved flight plan.

So our allies won't have to worry. We'll have to cover them in order to be sure of covering ourselves.

GEORGE W. PRICE
Chicago, Illinois

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke ("Testing, Testing") makes two fundamental errors in his advocacy of a modified test ban (MTB) instead of a comprehensive one.

First, an overkill arsenal, no matter what it is meant to deter, does not need to be 100 percent reliable. It is only necessary that the enemy not be confident that the bombs won't explode. Full reliability (like accuracy) is necessary only for a first strike. Second, bombs may deteriorate but blueprints do not. Our weapons were built from a recipe the first time and it can be done again. After 40 years of bomb-building, we should have some idea what their shelf life is and when to remanufacture them.

Now that Reagan has lost the Senate, we can expect to see the MTB supported by people who claim to want a "reasonable compromise." If we fall for this, we can expect endless debate over verification. Meanwhile, we'll continue to rattle the desert every three weeks with 50-150 kiloton blasts. The administration claims it wants to continue testing in order to identify nuclear effects on electronic systems, and to improve bomb safety and security. Let's take it seriously and require all tests to be joint U.S./U.S.S.R. ventures. We couldn't lose strategically, unless we *are* aiming for a first strike.

PETER F. GRAY
Space Weapons Study Group
California Institute of Technology
Pasadena, California

COLOR-CONSCIOUS POLITICS?

To the editors:

Paul West seems to suggest that "black politics" is slowly fading into that of the mainstream ("The New Black Politics," November 24). Quite the contrary.

Even as more black candidates change campaign strategies and seek out the white vote, the average modern-day black politician—including new arrivals—still embraces similar beliefs about what needs to be done for blacks to achieve economic and political success. For example, Mike Espy, congressman-elect from Mississippi, and Douglas Wilder, lieutenant governor from Virginia, speak of the same ideas held by our civil rights leaders—education and integrity first.

Race will always be a factor, and black politicians will always remember this, whether they want to or not. Our black politicians realize that "normalizing black politics" or becoming more like white politics would be destructive. The black agenda will, sad—in a way—but true, always be different from that of the white agenda. Ours is not, has never been, and will never be a color-blind society.

REGINA Y. EVANS
Washington, D.C.

BARNYARD RUBE

To the editors:

As an Iowan in temporary exile in the East, I have long held my tongue in the face of fatuous comments like those expressed in Joe Queenan's article "My Iowa" (October 27). Sadly, Terry Bran-

continued on page 41

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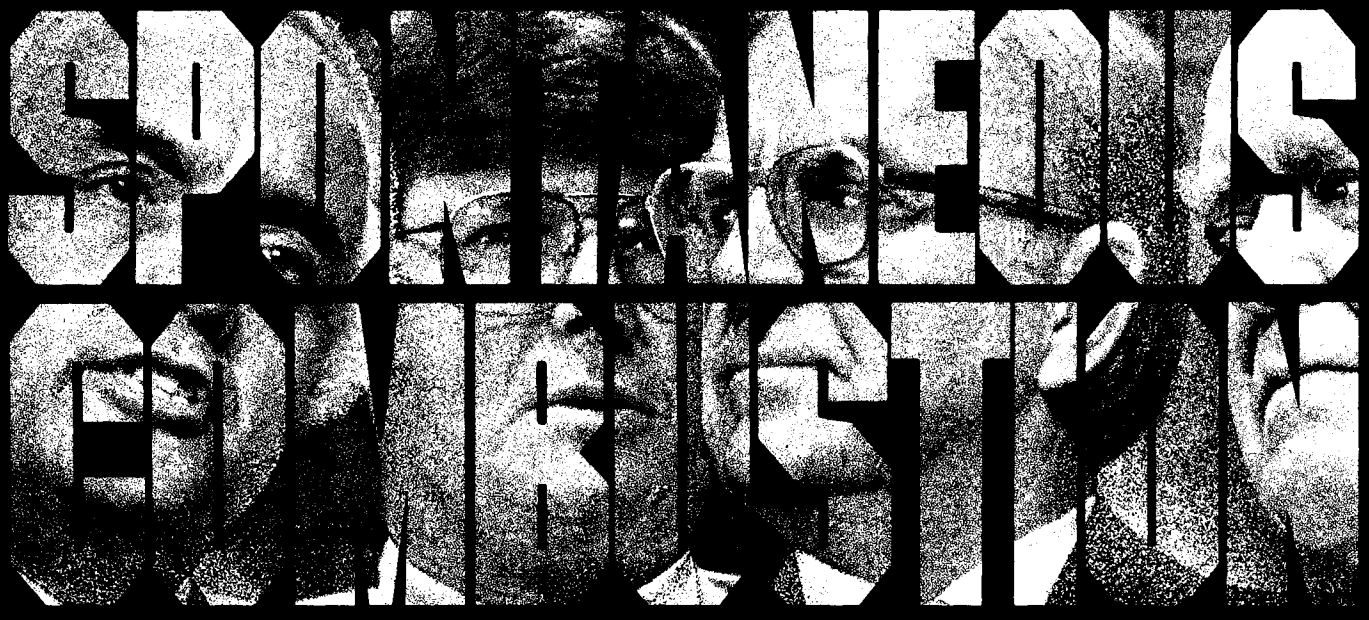

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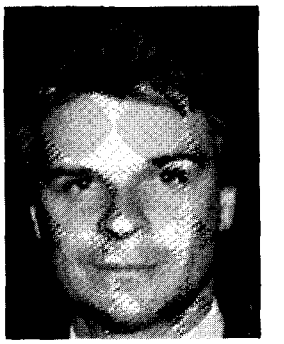

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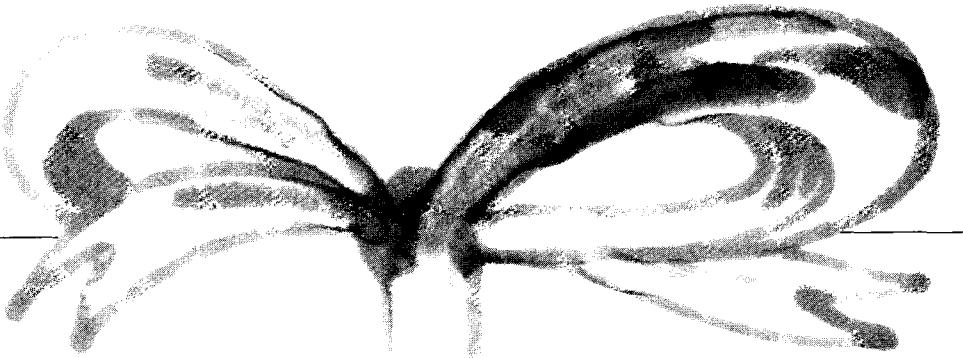

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
DECEMBER 29, 1986

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

The arms-to-Iran scandal is progressing nicely. The affair has prompted all sorts of comparisons to Watergate, which may yet prove valid. It is hard to see how the third-rate burglary and the Nixon White House's cover-up constituted a more serious breach of public trust and violation of democratic institutions than the present *scandale*.

But the seductive analogy between today's scandal and yesterday's is fundamentally misleading. The current affair may be similar in magnitude to Watergate, but it is different in nature. In Watergate, the investigators' chief task was to unravel a White House cover-up. The crime that had prompted the cover-up—the break-in at Democratic National Committee headquarters—was fairly well known. The question was "What did they know and when did they know it?" This time, though, the investigators' chief task is to unravel the administration's deeds. The original offense itself, not just the cover-up, is the systematic subversion of democratic institutions, and remains shrouded in mystery.

Deception was an integral part of everything Lt. Col. Oliver North did on behalf of the Reagan administration. The lesson he and his helpers appear to have learned from Watergate was to preserve "deniability" at each stage of their covert maneuverings. "Deniability" is why North recruited former government types who knew the undercover ropes but no longer had any formal relationship with the government. And it is why everyone involved has a cover story or superficially plausible *post hoc* rationalization.

To cite just one example of the deniability game, North recruited billionaire H. Ross Perot to pay ransom for the release of a hostage in Lebanon. North did this at a time when the United States had a firm policy against ransoming hostages. The money was apparently supposed to go directly to the hostage-takers in Lebanon themselves, not to so-called "moderates" in Iran, so there can be no defense that this was part of some grand geostrategic design. But the administration and its defenders argue that this particular enterprise didn't violate the anti-ransom policy since the funds were private, not public. Right: future hostage takers will be deterred by the knowledge that Uncle Sam will never break down and pay them good taxpayers' money—only mere private-sector lucre.

In the case of an after-the-fact cover-up, you want to know who ordered it. The investigatory trail leads up. But we are not yet after-the-fact. It would be premature to say that we know the nature and extent of all the covert operations the Reagan administration has been running beyond the reach of democratic government. Furthermore, while the integrity of democratic institutions is the responsibility of the president and his chief advisers, it isn't their *exclusive* responsibility. It is the responsibility of their subordinates in the bureaucracy, too: ambassadors, assistant secretaries, military officers, intelligence gatherers.

This scandal is not dismaying because so few people directed it; it is appalling because so many people seem to have participated in it. Yes, the independent counsel and congressional committees must find out what various top White House, CIA, and Cabinet officials knew and when they knew it. The public should know whether or not Ronald Reagan, Donald Regan, and others are lying. But an equally important task is to dig *down* into the lower strata of the government—deep into the ranks of Ollie's Army. What did North and officials below him *do* and when did they *do* it? In what ways was the basic institutional framework of our government ignored or undermined, by whom, exactly, and when?

The whirl of revelations in recent weeks has created a kind of sensory overload. Many more questions have been raised than it has been possible to keep track of, let alone answer. Therefore, let us distinguish three separate issues.

The first is the policy question of whether or not it was wise to sell arms to Iran in order to gain the release of the hostages and establish better relations. Not many people

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think this was a good idea, but this is where the administration is making its stand. The new "mistakes were made" line, first articulated by George Bush and later grudgingly taken up by Reagan himself, is intended to emphasize the good intentions that got us into the arms deals. You can argue with the results, the argument goes, but give us credit for having our hearts in the right places—and permit us to move on. This limited mea culpa deflects attention from the two other much more controversial parts of the scandal: the funneling of profits from the arms sale to a bank account in Switzerland en route to the *contras*; and the broader covert network organized by North and others in and connected to the administration.

There is still plenty of mysterious activity in all three areas that needs to be investigated.

The transfer of funds. We still don't have a clear account of exactly how the money was sent from the Iranian arms purchasers to the bank account in Switzerland. We don't even know how much money it was. Attorney General Edwin Meese says the *contras* got between $10 million and $30 million. The *contras* say they never saw a dime. So much of the cash may have gotten skimmed by various middlemen. One person who might know the answers, but who isn't talking, is retired Air Force Maj. Gen. Richard V. Secord. He and North are the only figures in the transfer known to have had dealings with both the Iranians and the *contras*.

The "private" aid network. The top U.S. military adviser in El Salvador had intimate knowledge of the "private" supply effort for the Nicaraguan *contras* being run out of Ilo-

THE ZEITGEIST CHECKLIST

BY CHARLES PAUL FREUND

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on Chart
1.	**FIFTH BUSINESS**	1	7

The crisis. A calm followed Reagan's endorsement of an independent counsel and his choice of Carlucci to head the NSC; a "corner" had been turned. Reagan and Bush even acknowledged mistakes. Calm dissolved when North, Poindexter, and Secord invoked the Fifth in dramatic hearings. Now it's gavel-to-gavel time again—increasing the whodunit mystery and widening the cast of characters in the TV drama. As Poindexter and North become real to the viewing public, the story may change for some from simple cowboy malfeasance to high personal tragedy.

2.	**MY NAME IS OZYMANDIAS**	2	5

Reagan. The thought that Reagan might yet turn his own p.r. problems around is virtually gone: Washington is *laughing* at him. "What did the president forget and when did he forget it?" is a common joke. A D.C. radio station looking for a moniker for the scandal elicited "Gipper's Goof," "Bonzo's Boo-Boo," etc. Reported spats with Nancy have become sniggering word-of-mouth items. This isn't Nixonian Evil; in p.r. terms, it's worse.

3.	**STAFF INFECTION**	—	1

Regan. Donald Regan has emerged as the major public heavy of the crisis; nothing's Reagan's fault, North and Poindexter have lacked public personas, and no one knows what to make of Shultz. Regan is "arrogant," has failed to "protect" the president, and may even be saving his own skin at Reagan's expense. Nothing's lost by suggesting his removal, and everybody from Richard Lugar to Nancy Reagan is doing so.

4.	**NOSTRA CULPA**	3	2

The press. Attempts by Reagan and others to slam an "adversary press" are going nowhere. But the press is beating its own breast in two ways. One is a confession that it never probed this White House with its reputed mercilessness. The second is that the press is culpable because its focus on hostages forced Reagan's hand.

5.	**RIGHT GUARD**	4	2

Republicans. The right's panicked abandonment of Reagan emerged as a story and turned into a fight. A Patrick Buchanan battle cry in the *Washington Post* was startling for its sheer pugnaciousness; it inspired fighting words—pro and con—on the Hill, and some oaths to defend six happy years of conservative ascendancy.

6.	**AS THE WORLD TUNES IN**	—	1

International reaction. How we look to the world—a historic American insecurity—has turned up as an interesting side issue. First reaction—we probably look ridiculous—has shifted to the familiar line that worried Europeans (nobody else counts) find our moral bathos incomprehensible.

7.	**OUR YEAR WITH ROSS**	—	1

H. Ross Perot. Millionaire H. Ross Perot suddenly surfaced as our national uncle. Simultaneously newsworthy for having been bought out by GM and for supplying ransom money for U.S. hostages, Perot was sought out by interviewers for his views on virtually everything. He embodies an American daydream in a period of crisis: he's rich, individualistic, patriotic, speaks plainly, and sounds like a down-home Texan. Stick a millionaire from either coast in Perot's role and he'd already be on the shelf.

8.	**WRITING WRONG**	*	5

Literacy. American students have been found unable to write adequately. This finding comes in the midst of a literacy crusade, and is the "second-order" illiteracy that Hans Magnus Enzensburger has noted is the West's real literacy problem. The West encouraged literacy when it industrialized and needed skilled workers; now it tolerates subliteracy because that's all consumerism requires.

9.	**THE SKY IS FALLING**	*	3

Ozone. Appeals are being made to ban chlorofluorocarbons lest the ozone layer be even further depleted, a story that makes page C11. There are now two kinds of environment stories: (*a*) there's a problem in your house, like lead, or (*b*) there's a problem in your world, like no more ozone. Only the former is selling.

10.	**NATIONAL GROSS PRODUCT**	—	1

Toys. Manufacturers have rediscovered the profit in pandering to children's love of "shocking" smarminess; this is the year of the gross-out. The Garbage Pail Kids fad has inspired Christmas toys so disgusting that store clerks can't bear the smell of some. Meanwhile, the anti-war toys movement has suddenly revived; a possible sign of value changes.

*Item resurfaces in the Zeitgeist after at least one week's absence.

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pango air base. He has "deniability": he was (it is claimed) only an observer, not a supervisor. The Eugene Hasenfus types who worked in the air supply effort say he was, at least, an observer with influence. What was the role of U.S. Ambassador Edwin Corr? He reportedly helped pay for repairs to the San Salvador house where the crew members lived. Did the State Department office that was supposed to supply non-lethal aid to the *contras* play any role? It cannot account for 60 percent of the money Congress gave it. And what happened to the money Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams asked the Sultan of Brunei to contribute to the *contras*? Yes, it was legal for Abrams to solicit humanitarian aid. But does he know for sure whether the money went only to buy non-lethal materials, not arms? If he doesn't know, why doesn't he?

The policy itself. Finally, there is still a lot we don't know about how the idea of dealing arms to the Iranians for hostages was hatched and approved, and about how the arms were delivered to Iran. Did the legal authorization come, as it seems to have, after the shipments had already begun? If so, who sent arms first? Why was the policy tried, apparently halted, and then restarted without the consent of top officials at the State and Defense departments? And what was the bureaucratic pipeline through which the arms secretly moved from U.S. stockpiles to the Middle East?

There is one area in which the committees would do especially well to avoid following the precedents set in the Watergate period. The Senate Watergate committee granted limited immunity from prosecution to various White House witnesses in exchange for testimony. Congressional committees are reportedly weighing a similar deal for North and for former national security adviser John Poindexter—both of whom have already pleaded the Fifth Amendment at closed-door hearings of the Senate Intelligence Committee and at an open session of the House Foreign Affairs Committee. But why rush to surrender the option to punish wrongdoers? North and Poindexter say they will tell the whole story at "the appropriate time." Meanwhile, others involved in the affair will start talking. North and Poindexter will soon have plenty of incentive to talk—if only to defend themselves in court. By taking the Fifth now, they hope to take advantage of the understandable eagerness of Congress to obtain a full account of what happened. Congress shouldn't fall for it. One of the greatest virtues any investigator can have is patience.

NOTEBOOK

□ REVENGE OF THE IDIOTS: We knew when we ran that headline on our cover, "The Idiocy of Rural Life" (December 8), that we'd get an excited response from the heartland, and we haven't been disappointed. But we had no idea how much trouble you can get into this way. A magazine in India called the *Deccan Herald* published an article early this month with the similarly inspired headline "Mohammed the Idiot." The article had nothing to do with the founder of Islam; it was about a boy named Mohammed. This distinction, however, was lost on 5,000 Moslems who tried to burn down the magazine's offices. In the ensuing riot, four people were killed and nearly 50 were injured. As we went to press, the rioting spread to several cities and the death toll had hit 17.

□ PAT AT BAT: In the great Washington parlor game of the moment—making lists of Reagan officials who ought to resign or be fired—it's time the name of Patrick J. Buchanan was put into play. It's one thing for the White House communications director to call for conservatives to rally 'round the president. It's another to say, as Buchanan did in a Miami speech December 9: "If Colonel North ripped off the Ayatollah and took some $30 million to give to the *contras*, God bless Colonel North." If Colonel North did this, he violated the law and trampled democracy. Does President Reagan believe this deserves divine blessing? "I have reason to believe that the President of the United States is not displeased with his controversial director of communications," says Buchanan. Unless the president approves of American tax dollars being used to "communicate" a message of contempt for law and democracy, Buchanan needs to be given reason to think otherwise.

Let's start all over.

SAVING THE 'CONTRAS'

THIS COULD HAVE been a time of high morale for the Nicaraguan *contras* and their American supporters. With congressionally approved military aid arriving at last, a training program under way with the help of U.S. military professionals, and plans laid for major new operations inside Nicaragua in January, this is the *contras'* chance to prove at last what they can do. But the Iran-*contra* arms scandal has undermined the rebels' support in Washington, even within the Reagan administration. When senior officials are telling the *New York Times* that the scandal is "probably a non-recoverable disaster for the *contras*," you can smell the panic in the air.

Is the situation recoverable? It is, but only if the *contras* produce some successes, if the administration will learn from its mistakes, and if the Congress will exhibit enough forbearance to let the *contras* prove whether or not they can hack it. Some mistakes by the Sandinistas also would be helpful.

The most crucial element of the equation is what the *contras* can accomplish—militarily, politically, and diplomatically. Administration officials say that within six

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months they expect the *contras* to have 10,000 to 12,000 troops operating "all over Nicaragua," except in Pacific Coast areas where Sandinista control is strongest. Specific target selection is being left to *contra* commanders, but what kind of targets to hit is being decided by an interagency task force in Washington headed by Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams. Abrams refuses to confirm that role, but he does acknowledge views on what the *contras* should and shouldn't do militarily. "I do not believe they have to take a city and hold it. That would be stupid—suicidal, in view of the Sandinistas' superiority in firepower." The Sandinistas have 150 tanks, 12 HIND and 35 HIP battle helicopters, and 70,000 troops backed up by hundreds of Soviet bloc advisers and technicians. The *contras* will have no tanks or combat aircraft, only anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons.

THE ADMINISTRATION says the *contras* will have to succeed as a guerrilla force, engaging in hit-and-run operations against "harder and harder targets as time goes on," including Sandinista supply depots, military communications centers, and headquarters of the internal security police. Administration officials will not say whether they are pressuring the *contras* for "spectaculars," but *contra* leaders say they feel pressure. Everyone involved acknowledges the danger of overreaching and committing errors—either getting clobbered or killing innocent civilians. A third of the American training for *contra* officers by U.S. advisers is said to concern human rights and treatment of civilians. The lessons are derived from the U.S. training program in El Salvador, where abuse of civilians is down markedly.

Meanwhile, the *contra* political front, the United Nicaraguan Opposition, is supposed to start this month operating Radio Liberación, a clandestine station reaching all over the country. The station is to provide anti-Sandinista propaganda and convey the promise that "when the *contras* win, Nicaragua will be a democracy." The most important political message will be delivered by *contra* troops, though—showing Nicaraguans that they can fight, remain in the country, exploit Sandinista vulnerabilities, and respect the civilian population. Diplomatically, the administration hopes that UNO will become able to attract verbal support from neighboring countries—at least to the extent of having them criticize the Sandinistas and urge negotiation.

Administration officials insist they are not trying to produce a military victory by the time President Reagan leaves office, although some of them speculate almost openly about how many American troops that would take. There is little support in the U.S. military for an invasion, and there would be hell to pay in Congress unless the Sandinistas provided a dazzling provocation. Nor is there likely to be a sudden collapse of the Sandinista regime. The prospects are that victory will come slowly, if at all—a process that will require patience.

But patience is in short supply in Washington. If Congress were in session right now, there almost certainly would be riders on urgent legislation to cut the *contras* off. Democrats expect such measures to come up immediately when Congress reconvenes in January. Fortunately for the *contras*, however, the opponents' first realistic shot will be in February, when Congress has a chance to disapprove the last $40 million of the $100 million it granted for this fiscal year. But a motion of disapproval would have to be voted by majorities in both houses. Then Reagan could veto, and separate two-thirds majorities would be needed to override. So the flow of money through the rest of this fiscal year is probably safe.

Military aid was approved 53-47 by the Senate in August and 221-209 by the House in September. It's generally agreed that the 1986 elections changed the congressional balance of power on the *contra* issue very little. However, if a majority of either house votes against *contra* aid in February, this will cause significant damage. Administration officials are hoping that the retirement of House Speaker Tip O'Neill and the elevation of Representative Jim Wright will reduce the intensity of House opposition.

Still, only one poll has ever shown anything close to a majority supporting Reagan's Nicaraguan policy. A Roper poll released just before the Iran scandal showed two-thirds support for *some* aid to the *contras*, but only 30 percent favored military aid (with 34 percent against). Since the Iran disclosures, the *New York Times*/CBS News poll has shown that 58 percent oppose *contra* aid while 25 percent approve, and a *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News poll showed 65 percent opposition.

ONE REASON for this is that *contra* policy from the beginning has been cloaked in clandestinity. The public was not trusted with the truth, and in turn the public believed the policy was something to be ashamed of. At times, it was just that, as when *contra* training was initially delegated to the dregs of the Argentine military. Then the *contras* became a project of the CIA, whose director, William Casey, consistently alienated his congressional overseers. The CIA was responsible for the harbor-mining fiasco that led Congress to cut off funding in June 1984. Then the *contras* became a project of Lt. Col. Oliver North, who reportedly wanted at first to conduct an above-board international fund drive but was overruled because White House aides thought it degrading to have the president making charity appeals. It also might have interfered with 1984 Republican campaign drives.

It is somewhat understandable that the administration chose the covert route. Honduras never wanted it official that the *contras* were based there, although the whole world knew. The CIA got the program because the Pentagon did not want it; the Reagan doctrine of anti-communist liberation fell afoul of the Weinberger doctrine of unanimous consent for any military involvement.

But now, saving the *contras* will require openness. The administration needs to be clear, for once, about what its aims are, which means being clear in its own mind. At various times, the justification has been interdiction of supplies to El Salvador guerrillas, pressuring the Sandinistas to negotiate, forcing them to fulfill their 1979 promises

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of democracy, and simply overthrowing them. These are all defensible reasons, as is the notion of harassing, diverting, and containing the Sandinistas so they cannot spread their revolution elsewhere in Central America. In the White House, Patrick Buchanan wants Reagan to go on the offensive and put the matter in stark, one-sentence terms: "The Sandinistas, the Cubans, and the Soviets are Communists and we want them out of there." He thinks the country will buy that and Congress will be forced to go along. Other White House aides fear the president will lose popularity if he takes such a stand. I don't think the administration can or should win public support if it is not absolutely clear that Nicaragua will be a democracy if the *contras* win. But whatever the administration believes it's doing in Nicaragua, it's got to tell everybody.

And the selling should not be left to Reagan, Buchanan, and Abrams, or limited to the several weeks before a crucial congressional vote, as has been the case up to now. When the Carter administration wanted to sell its Panama Canal treaties to the public, and when the Reagan administration wanted to sell tax reform, there was coordinated planning. Potential allies were sought around the country. The only public support groups for the *contras* are right-wing ideologues and one neoconservative organization, Prodemca, which is self-appointed and badly funded. Last March, Prodemca rounded up 64 dignitaries of both parties to sign pro-*contra* newspaper ads, but the administration did no follow-up to organize the signers into a permanent lobby. Left-wing opponents of *contra* aid have thrashed the administration in the propaganda battle on campuses, in churches, and in the press. The Sandinistas invite sympathizers and reporters to visit Nicaragua; meanwhile, it's still not possible for U.S. reporters to verify that the *contras* are getting human rights training. Once serious fighting starts next year, it's imperative that the press be permitted to accompany the *contras*; otherwise, Sandinista atrocity allegations will go unanswered.

It's remotely possible that the administration policy will be helped, as it has been before, by Daniel Ortega. A large-scale invasion of Honduras (as opposed to the recent border scuffles) might be used by the administration to justify U.S. bombing or invasion, or at least win congressional backing for the *contras*. But opponents of Reagan policy are warning the Sandinistas of the danger. Senator Chris Dodd of Connecticut, the new chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee on Latin America, said as he departed on a trip to Nicaragua that he would tell the Sandinistas, "Don't count your chickens. A Democratic takeover of the Senate does not mean that there is a green light for them." He said, "I don't know what the Soviets and the Cubans are telling them, but I hope they're not urging that they take advantage of Reagan's weakness." Thus warned, the Sandinistas probably won't overreach. If they are smart, they will concoct an inviting new paper peace offer to further undermine American resolve. The administration had better be ready with more than a flat rejection.

MORTON KONDRACKE

Where are the hostage families?

DISGRACE UNDER PRESSURE

"WHEN IT GETS HOT," says the sweltering Florida cop in the movie *Body Heat*, ". . . people think the old rules are not in effect. They start to break them. . . . It's emergency time. Time out." It is hot in Washington and the rules are suspended. It is not exactly that everyone is out to get a wounded president. It is that with the collapse of the president's authority, self-restraint vanishes. Recess. Everything goes.

The most flagrant hypocrisy, for example. When the TWA hostages were held in the summer of 1985, the press, television in particular, could not get enough of them. And their families. And the Lebanese held by Israel (demanded by the hijackers and delivered, later, by the United States and Israel as ransom). And *their* families. The numbingly exploitative TV coverage (in the style of "America Held Hostage," 1979-81), the remorseless family interviews, the heartrending up-close-and-personal manipulation of public sentiment—the pressure on the Reagan administration to give in to the terrorists' demands was relentless.

Where are today's hostages? In June 1985, the authors of the *Washington Post*/ABC News poll thoughtfully included this question: Has "Israel done what it should to help resolve the hostage situation?" To which 54 percent of Americans obligingly answered no. An October 1, 1986, *USA Today* poll found that two-thirds of Americans thought that the president was not doing all he could to release the Beirut hostages. Well, it turns out that this time Israel and Reagan went the extra mile. And now the media profess shock that hostages were ransomed. We are told that we must not bend before terrorism. Last year David Hartman was negotiating ransom terms with Nabih Berri over coffee on *Good Morning America*.

Hostages should not be placed above the national interest. True. But was that proposition not equally true before November 4, when the Iran arms story broke? But before November 4, a hard line on terrorism was not a ready avenue of attack on Ronald Reagan. The short institutional memory of the press is not just remarkable. It is convenient.

Where are the hostage families? Gone. Down TV's memory hole, the great missing element in the extravagant media coverage of the Iran affair. The hostages don't exist. They don't fit the story, the downfall of a presidency. They clutter it.

Yet until just yesterday and for a very long time the cause of even this current crop of Americans held hostage in Lebanon was rather chic. The families, and their complaint that the administration had abandoned them, drew

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considerable media attention. *Newsweek* did a big spread on them in October. It is December and they don't exist. Where have you gone, Peggy Say?

David Jacobsen, whom we must already struggle to remember, gave hostages a bad name, though I suspect that the press did not really turn on him until he presumed to order them to "back off" the already blown Iran story. (The press, which had kept his story alive and was due some gratitude, was understandably miffed.) Jacobsen's release and subsequent superciliousness marks the end of hostage chic. Proof: the *Washington Post* two weeks ago ran three readers' letters applauding the columnist who quoted a professor who had the audacity to write in the *New York Times* that the hostages didn't have to be in Lebanon.

Concern for hostages, once so insistent a theme, has so completely vanished from the scene that it becomes fair to accuse Reagan of caving in to the Iranians not out of concern for hostages (the obvious, if wrongheaded, reason) but out of hunger for votes. Anthony Lewis pretends that the reason Reagan let the Iranians diddle him for months was "the hope that the president will be able to stand on the White House lawn with freed hostages before Election Day." Strange motive for an operation that began in the summer of 1985. Lewis's attack is particularly mean-spirited since he was one of those pushing hard last year for acceding to the demands of those holding the TWA hostages. Reagan was wrong, but it is hard not to credit him at least with genuine feelings for the hostage families with whom he made the fatal error of meeting often.

The prize of hypocrisy, however, lies offshore. Last week the Arab League unanimously passed a resolution denouncing "the cooperation in armaments between Iran, the Zionist entity, and the United States of America." Among the signatories to this declaration is Saudi Arabia, a principal in the arms-to-Iran deal. It turns out that the major broker was Adnan Khashoggi, a Saudi with close ties to the royal family. The Saudis have been playing both sides of the street for some time. While publicly and hugely supporting Iraq, they have at the same time been selling desperately needed oil supplies to Iran. They also acceded to Iranian demands on oil pricing. At OPEC, the Saudis not only agreed to cut production to raise prices, they sacked oil minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani, whom the Iranians disliked.

JUST BECAUSE ARAB states pay off Iran and deal duplicitously does not mean that the United States should do the same. Just because the press has been beating the hostage drum for years and is now silent does not mean that the administration should have changed its policy too. But it does give complaints of administration duplicity a hollow ring. No matter. It is hot. The Teflon shield has worn off. When it is open season, no one notices.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

The political fallout.

SCANDALIZED

FUNNY HOW A world-class scandal like the Iran arms deal changes the political equation, and fast. Two weeks after it broke, the Democratic National Committee met in Washington, and Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia was the rage. "Sam Nunn was an insider story for so many years, a secret weapon in the party with appeal to constituencies that haven't been voting Democratic for 20 years," says Mark Siegel, a DNC member from Maryland. "Now there's talk outside the Beltway that a Democratic ticket with Sam Nunn on it could win in areas that we've written off. You heard it all over the floor."

Taking Sam Nunn seriously as a Democratic presidential contender in 1988 is new. True, Nunn declared months ago that he'd consider the race. But that announcement didn't cause even a flicker of excitement in the political community. Everything's different now. And no one recognizes it better than supporters of other candidates. "Nunn is helped because he's knowledgeable and tough on foreign policy," says Greg Schneiders, who's running the effort to draft Lee Iacocca as the 1988 nominee. "Nunn could probably point out Iran and Iraq on a map, which the current incumbent might have trouble with. Not only point them out, but know the difference." Nunn, says Siegel, has "emerged." Siegel backs Senator Joseph Biden of Delaware.

Put Nunn in the win column. Others who have gained in 1988 appeal from the Iran mess are Democratic Senator Gary Hart of Colorado and, to a lesser extent, Republican Representative Jack Kemp of New York. But the biggest gainer is the Democratic Party. The GOP's advantages in recent presidential races, namely the conservative trend and the shift of electoral votes to the Sun Belt and West, are dwarfed by Iran as factors in the election. Oh, yes, there are big losers, too. If the Democratic Party gains, the Republican Party obviously loses. Vice President George Bush loses triply: he's a Republican, he's linked to the scandal, and his fortunes are tied closely to those of President Reagan, whose image is tarnishing rapidly. Another loser is Republican Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada, who probably won't run. If voters want a hands-on leader who won't let a scandal develop under his nose—an un-Reagan—they won't want Laxalt, Reagan's alter ego. Nor will they want a Biden, a media candidate with a reputation as a flashy speaker and legislative lightweight.

In figuring winners and losers, my assumption is that the Iran scandal will drag on for months and months. With congressional hearings, a special prosecutor, a White House probe of the National Security Council, and an inflamed press corps, it's hard to see how it wouldn't. That means it approaches a deep recession or Watergate in its political impact—a Republican disaster.

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How so? There are several types of voters with whom the scandal should be decisive in 1988. Let's start with the younger voters, those who've voted once or maybe never. They are casual voters in the extreme. They voted in droves for Reagan in 1984, but mostly stayed away from the polls in 1986. Thus, though they may tilt slightly in favor of the GOP, their allegiance to the party is tenuous. Watch it snap in 1988. More than most, young voters are affected by what Larry Sabato of the University of Virginia calls "generalized feelings" about a political race. And the Iran flap alters these feelings, making the notion of time-for-a-change more significant than specific economic or foreign policy issues. "It encourages people to opt for change," he says. Especially younger voters.

The other group likely to be swayed against the Republican Party is made up of marginal Democrats, those who vote Republican in presidential races but not in state and local races. These include white Southerners, blue-collar workers, and Catholics. Watergate had a striking effect on them. They had been drifting to the GOP, and they voted strongly for Richard Nixon in 1972. But in defiance of realignment, they rushed back to the Democratic Party in 1974 and 1976. Watergate didn't halt the Republican trend in the country, but it did arrest the trend temporarily. Expect the Iran scandal to have a similar, if smaller, effect. In the South, in fact, the Watergate factor worked in the Democrats' favor right through 1978. That could happen again, since the majorities that Republican candidates are able to muster in Southern states are fragile. The defection of five percent of the white voters could be decisive.

To their delight, Democrats have also been unburdened of their foreign policy vulnerability. In every presidential campaign since 1968, they have been on the defensive as the party of isolationism and faintheartedness in the face of the Soviet challenge. Now, their foreign policy is not the issue. Reagan's brand of interventionism is. "Democrats now have an opportunity to make foreign policy an issue without talking about their own," says Edward J. Rollins, the White House political director until a year ago. "Democrats have a golden opportunity to take away the stain of being the party that's not patriotic and won't project American strength abroad," says Paul Maslin, a Democratic pollster.

TO THE ENORMOUS benefit of Democrats, the Iran flap obscures a significant difference between the anti-interventionism of Democratic leaders and that of voters. The party's elite tend to oppose intervention on ideological grounds, insisting that the U.S. government backs the wrong side in country after country. Voters are merely leery of foreign entanglements abroad, a non-ideological impulse. This difference sometimes causes trouble. In 1983, Senator Christopher Dodd of Connecticut gave the official party response to a Reagan speech on El Salvador. Dodd denounced Reagan for supporting the wrong side there, and his speech offended moderates and angered voters by emphasizing misuse of American influence overseas. The Iran scandal, however, gives Democrats an overriding issue that discredits interventionism and that finds party leaders in agreement with voters. Nobody likes the Iran arms deal, whatever their reasons.

The odd thing about the scandal is that it helps Democratic presidential candidates with quite divergent foreign policy positions. Nunn, for example, is a hard-liner by Democratic standards, having voted for aid to the Nicaraguan *contras* and for funding of Star Wars. Still, he is a critic of Reagan, and in recent months has emerged as the Democratic Party's chief spokesman on defense and foreign policy issues. In the last few weeks, he's been a fixture on television. He's been interviewed on "Meet the Press," "This Week with David Brinkley," MacNeil/Lehrer, the "CBS Morning News," the "Today Show," "Nightwatch," and numerous evening news shows. He's been so badgered with requests for interviews that he held his first Washington press conference November 20. What Nunn needs is more national exposure, which is exactly what he's going to get. He's likely to be chosen for the Senate panel looking into the scandal. If not, he'll still be chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee. In either case, he won't have to hold forth in living rooms in Iowa, which he isn't inclined to do in any case, to get national attention.

NUNN'S REPUTATION is enhanced because he's viewed as substantive, the sort of details man that Reagan isn't. Hart has something of the same reputation, but his foreign policy views are far more dovish than Nunn's. Yet, he's helped. Hart's brand of anti-interventionism gives him an impeccable credential in 1988. When interventionism goes awry, its critics can claim vindication. The stance of I-told-you-so may be unpleasant in personal relations, but it's effective in politics. For Hart, a political liability—the idea that he's an isolationist who wants a shrunken American role in the world—has vanished.

For Biden, a liability has materialized. The Iran business has exposed the downside of slick, superficial leadership, the Biden style. His recruitment of a team of top-flight political consultants is nothing to brag about in the new political environment. His presidential campaign has been likened to a 747 with all the first-class seats taken, but with nobody in the cockpit or back in coach. Sorry, Joe.

But shouldn't Kemp be affected the same way in the Republican race? Not quite. Like Biden, Kemp is a good stump speaker, but he has a substantive side. He's bored a lot of Republican honchos with his talk about tax cuts, stabilized exchange rates, and quickie deployment of SDI. Now substance is a plus. "This is a ten-strike for Kemp," says David Smick, a Kemp adviser. "In the 1970s, Watergate cleared the decks and allowed newcomers like Kemp to emerge. He wouldn't have been able to push aside the old guard without Watergate. Now the Iran thing may give Kemp and others outside the Reagan sphere the chance to float new ideas and benefit politically without the normal obstacles." Well, maybe. He'll still have Senator Robert Dole of Kansas, another Iran beneficiary, as an obstacle.

The best thing going for Kemp is that some Republican

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candidate is certain to rise as Bush falls. Bush will fall, whether or not he is implicated as the scandal unfolds. Bush has always sought to capitalize on reflected glory from the Reagan presidency. With the glory fading, Bush is fading. He's also postured himself as a crucial cog in Reagan's foreign policy machinery. "You can't be the president's confidant and when something bad happens say you didn't know about it," says J. Brian Smith, a Republican political consultant who likes Bush.

There's a final irony that helps Democrats. Perfect political pitch, supposedly a Reagan trait, has been acquired by Democrats. With the exception of outbursts by Senators Daniel P. Moynihan of New York and Ernest Hollings of South Carolina, Democrats have shied away from attacks on Reagan and cheap shots. "We'll play the responsible good government role," says the DNC's Terry Michael. "That's what we're doing." Democrats are following the Napoleonic dictum: when your enemy is destroying himself, don't interfere.

Representative Thomas Foley of Washington, the new House majority leader, played the new role to perfection on Cable News Network's "Crossfire," December 1. He was goaded by Republican Representative Robert Dornan of California, who suggested that Foley wants to "grind the president into the dust" on Iran. "Wrong," said Foley. "In the first place, [all members of Congress] want to see this resolved. They want to see a successful final two years of the Reagan administration. . . . Nobody is aided by a weakened and ineffective president, considering the problems we have at home and abroad. . . . The inquiry ought to be conducted calmly and dispassionately." Back at the White House, communications director Patrick Buchanan was watching Foley hold forth. Jeez, he thought. The Democrats have figured out how to play the game.

FRED BARNES

The dilemmas of disinvestment.

AFTER THE PULLOUT

ROGER SMITH, chairman of the board of General Motors, arranged the latest in corporate takeovers last month. In justifying GM's reversal on disinvestment, he expropriated the disinvestment campaign's moral rhetoric. Smith asserted that the sale of the company's South African subsidiary to local interests would enable it to "continue to be a positive force in the ending of apartheid." Eighteen hundred black workers—nearly the entire blue-collar work force—were unconvinced, and went out on strike. The two unions that called the strike, the National Automobile and Allied Workers Union and the Motor Assembly and Component Workers Union, are affiliated with South Africa's largest trade union confederation, COSATU, a vociferous advocate of disinvestment.

Archbishop Desmond Tutu has asserted that blacks are willing to suffer disinvestment. The GM strike revealed that South African blacks, like most of humanity, prefer to suffer their principles in the abstract. In a 1985 survey, Mark Orkin, director of the Community Agency for Social Inquiry, found that though 73 percent of blacks favored disinvestment, more than half expressed hesitancy if it were to involve sacrifice. Orkin refined earlier surveys by distinguishing between support for total disinvestment (24 percent) and support for conditional disinvestment (49 percent)—conditional on the behavior of multinationals in opposing apartheid.

Despite GM's assurances, workers had reason to worry. When Ford's local subsidiary merged with a locally owned car company last year, it promised no large-scale retrenchment. But in June the new company closed Ford's old auto plants in the Port Elizabeth area, leaving 3,000 more workers to add to the city's 56 percent unemployment rate.

THOUGH THE GM strike belatedly vindicated the company's earlier opposition to disinvestment, the company was not disposed to relish such irony. It called in the police to evict strikers from a factory sit-in, fired 785 workers, and finally ended the strike after three weeks by threatening immediate dismissal. Disinvestment has become a matter not of moral efficacy, but of economic expediency.

The current disinvestment enables American companies to parlay self-interest into momentary moral kudos while retaining, if not strengthening, their ties with South Africa. Fifteen of the 25 companies that withdrew from South Africa this year will continue to market and service their products in the country. GM will supply its former subsidiary with engines and components through its presumably less hassled Japanese affiliate. This enables GM to circumvent U.S. government strictures against direct sales to the South African military—that country's only sure growth industry.

Several factors prompted the current spate of disinvestment. With fallen business profits, chronic recession, and political turmoil, South Africa is now firmly situated in the Third World that multinationals are so busily fleeing. IBM, which announced its withdrawal in the wake of GM's decision, recently sold its subsidiaries in India, Nigeria, and Zimbabwe. Despite the reduction in direct overseas investment, multinationals retain a strong presence through licensing, distribution, and franchising agreements. One GM official hinted to the *New York Times* that the new management "may have greater opportunities for reductions in labor and benefit costs." No doubt, for local owners won't have to operate under the Sullivan Principles that mandate desegregated workplaces, equal pay for equal work, black managerial training programs, the fostering of black trade unions, and expensive community development and educational programs. American multinationals preferred to disinvest "voluntarily" rather than act at the Reverend Leon Sullivan's behest (should the regime somehow fail to

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meet his deadline of abolishing apartheid by May 31, 1987).

Although the withdrawal of the multinationals is largely symbolic, it is no less consequential. In light of the current exodus—Coca-Cola, General Electric, Proctor & Gamble, Warner Communications, General Motors, IBM, Kodak, Honeywell, and Revlon—the putative effects of disinvestment bear re-examining.

In opposing disinvestment, President Reagan insisted that it would create large-scale black unemployment. Yet American subsidiaries employ just 0.8 percent of the economically active black population. Only two of the 25 multinationals that have already withdrawn this year dissolved their operations. What disinvestment usually means is a transfer of ownership, mainly to South African companies. It is likely to be followed by some unsentimental retrenchment as production facilities are consolidated.

ALTHOUGH disinvestment affects relatively few workers, these workers are among the most unionized in the country. The plant closures following Ford's merger left one-third of MACWUSA and one-fifth of NAAWU members jobless, thereby weakening two of the most militant trade unions in the Eastern Cape. Since 1979, when the independent black trade union movement was legally recognized, its numbers have swelled despite the ongoing recession. Although fewer strikes occurred in 1985 than the previous year, they involved 60,000 more workers. Over the last three years, many unions have adopted an overt political role, for example commemorating the anniversary of the 1976 Soweto revolt with a one-day stay-away, which was observed this year by over 90 percent of the workers in the Port Elizabeth and Johannesburg areas. With strong shop-floor bases, the unions will be able to weather the government's current wave of repression. More importantly, the unions provide blacks with their only schooling in democracy, a slender precedent for a post-apartheid society, as well as a potential counterweight to any Leninist tendencies within the African National Congress.

Disinvestment also threatens another tool of nonviolent resistance to apartheid. Last year consumer boycotts evolved into a nationwide strategy for pressuring white businessmen to oppose apartheid. "Our buying power is going to be the thing that is going to decide the future of our country," announced Mkhuseli Jack, Port Elizabeth's boycott leader. That boycott lasted three months, and succeeded in winning the release of imprisoned community activists and in removing the army from the townships. The boycott's value in politicizing the black community was not diminished by the fact that these gains proved to be short-lived. But such actions are only sustainable where the community has disposable income—which disinvestment is likely to reduce. In the absence of competition from higher paying American multinationals, the market wages for skilled workers are likely to fall.

Moreover, when American multinationals pull out of South Africa, they are likely to abandon the black education and community development programs on which, according to the Sullivan Report, they spent $20 million in 1985. Not surprisingly, the pressure to disinvest spurred multinationals to greater efforts this year. Mobil Oil unveiled a new $20 million black education and small business development fund in April, immediately after Archbishop Tutu's call for total disinvestment.

Overall, the record of American companies in actively contesting apartheid is mixed. They have negotiated with the government over urban residence rights for their employees, and last year corporations that had signed the Sullivan Principles pressured the minister of education into opening a technical college to all races. In February GM encouraged civil disobedience by offering to pay the fines for any of its black workers who defied Port Elizabeth's beach segregation. Yet a few months later, when three of GM's employees were detained without trial, the subsidiary only paid the families half wages, until a union publicly objected.

The scope for corporate activism has been severely circumscribed in the last two years by the violence and repression wracking South Africa. As the black community becomes more radicalized, it is less willing to countenance any assistance from American multinationals that could be construed as palliatives for apartheid. Students recently forced the closure of Soweto's Pace College, a $4.5 million elite high school built by the American Chamber of Commerce, to prevent Pace from undercutting the education boycott. Earlier this year, students protested that the government had not provided enough quality notebooks, yet rejected an offer from the Sullivan signatory companies in Cape Town to provide them. As the chairman of a signatory committee told me, "The kids don't want business to do what the government has promised to do."

THE OPPONENTS of disinvestment worry about its political ramifications. Helen Suzman, a member of the parliamentary opposition since 1961, contends that disinvestment will jeopardize the reforms already painfully won from the government by pushing it into a siege mentality. But even the most significant reform to date, the abolition of the hated pass law system, has proved to be little more than a linguistic obfuscation. The government is still intent on forcibly removing squatters back to their appointed "homelands."

The political results anticipated by advocates of disinvestment are equally unlikely. For radicals, disinvestment is the prelude to social revolution, as well as the destruction of capitalism in South Africa. ANC president Oliver Tambo's recent overtures to South African businessmen signify a shift in tactics rather than any sudden "embourgeoisement." The selling of American subsidiaries to South African firms will probably create short-term economic stability by alleviating the jitters brought on by disinvestment. And the only mass action will probably be workers striking against disinvestment.

Another group of activists believe that disinvestment will place America on the right side of history. Coupled with this idea is the desire to ingratiate America with the black resistance. The effort is likely to fail. The constant

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references to American imperialism in *Sechaba*, the official organ of the ANC, predated Reagan's presidency, and will no doubt outlive it. According to a broadcast on the ANC's Radio Freedom, "We shall not forget that the guns and the bullets used to murder our people come from the Western countries. . . . Our country will be free with or without the support that Botha enjoys from the Western imperialist countries, and then they will have to contend with the aggrieved people of South Africa. We shall never forget."

So neither gradual disinvestment nor continued involvement will have any appreciable effect on apartheid or its aftermath. What about total disinvestment? This raises several dilemmas. Moral actions for their own sake are debased when we let others suffer the costs of our rectitude. Total disinvestment would only increase these costs. IBM has announced it will continue to maintain its community development and educational programs in South Africa despite selling off its subsidiary. Certainly multinationals like IBM should be prevented from using disinvestment to evade the ban on selling products to the South African government or military. But completely severing the links between the multinationals and their former subsidiaries can only serve the military's goal of attaining economic self-sufficiency. Now the task will be to demand that disinvesting companies abide by a modicum of their self-proclaimed social responsibility. It won't be easy.

LARS WALDORF

Lars Waldorf is a student at Harvard Law School who has lived in South Africa.

Odyssey of the cable mogul.

AS TED TURNS

REMEMBER TED TURNER? He's the swashbuckling entrepreneur who created something like a fourth television network by bouncing the signal from his Atlanta UHF station off a satellite to homes nationwide. He's the business whiz who made this "Superstation" profitable by broadcasting wholesome American reruns like "Leave It to Beaver." He's the visionary who created Cable News Network (CNN), the first 24-hour news channel. He's the moralistic corporate raider who, decrying the "sleaze" and violence of big-three programming, allied himself with Senator Jesse Helms and tried to take over CBS, which Helms accused of having a "liberal bias."

Well, these days Turner's got a different agenda. He's a self-styled diplomat in pursuit of world peace whose credo is: "Communism is fine with me. It's part of the fabric of life on this planet."

In the spring and summer of 1985, while bidding to buy CBS with $5.4 billion worth of junk bonds, Turner was also negotiating an agreement with the Soviet Union. On June 5 Robert Wussler, executive vice president of the Turner Broadcasting System and head of the Superstation, WTBS, announced that Turner's company had signed a two-year agreement with Gostelradio, the state-controlled Soviet radio and television network, to exchange news, entertainment, and sports programming. On June 12 Turner announced that he had provided $500,000 to form the Better World Society, an organization chartered to make TV programs advocating population control, ecology, and an end to the nuclear arms race. Two months later, he dropped the idea of a hostile takeover of CBS in favor of a friendly purchase of MGM/UA. (He's now spearheading the movement to "colorize" the company's archive of old movies.)

Turner's agreement with Soviet TV and his formation of a society to produce "global television programming" are part of his larger scheme to broadcast WTBS and CNN worldwide. But they also reflect his new political outlook. Turner has taken up international diplomacy the way some people take up reading the classics: to better himself. Not incidentally, he also hopes, through his media network, to better the entire world. He has traded in his posture of "save America from the scourge of network television" and his alliances with conservatives for a relationship with John Denver and earnest talk about "friendship" between the Soviet and American peoples. As he described his latest venture earlier this year, "My main concern is to . . . build up a global communications system that helps humanity come together."

TURNER HAS long been a zealot in search of a cause. Daniel Schorr, senior correspondent for CNN until 1985, described his former boss in a 1985 article he wrote for the *Washington Post* as "a bundle of contradictions" who "does not fit any ideological stereotype" and "speaks in generally conservative terms about the economy and domestic affairs." During his bid for CBS, Turner declared ominously that "the greatest enemies that America has ever had—posing a greater threat to our way of life than Nazi Germany or Tojo's Japan—are the three television networks and the people that run them, who are living amongst us and constantly tearing down everything that has made this country great." Today Turner proclaims, "I have a new political philosophy. I'm a conservative liberal; I'm liberally conservative." This helps to explain Turner's 1982 duck-hunting jaunt with Fidel Castro ("I expected Castro to be some horrible person, but he was a great guy") and his recent proclamation, "I happen to love everybody. Like Jesus, I've made my peace with the Soviets. They're not my enemies."

By beaming brotherly love across the world through television signals, Turner hopes to create a global village of U.S.-Soviet understanding. Once the American and Soviet people truly know each other, Turner has explained, they will be friends, and "nobody wants to kill their friend—in fact, they don't even want to hurt their friend." More specifically, Turner thinks the arms race can be stopped by

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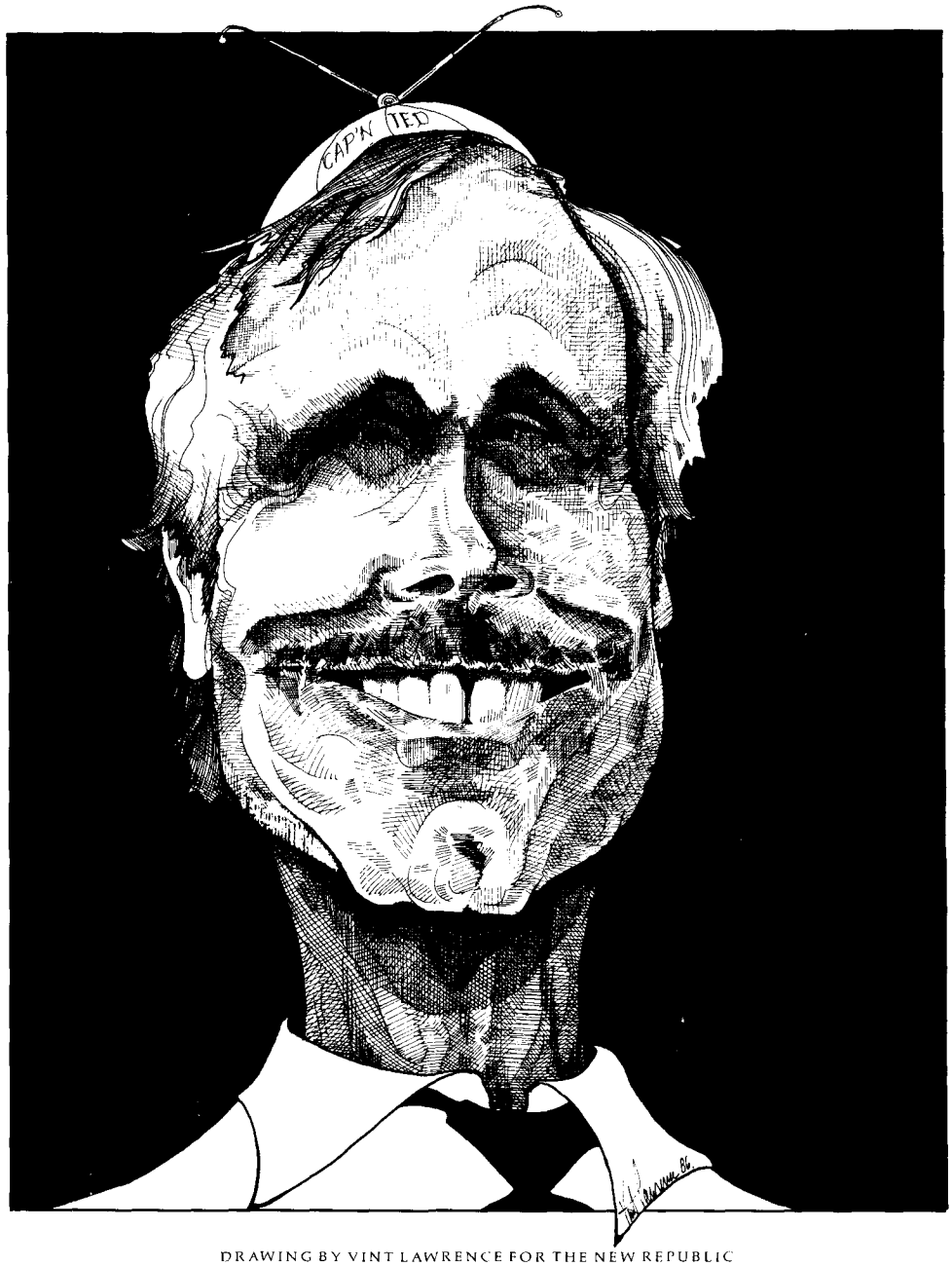
TV shows supporting his thesis that "the solution to the arms race is 'Stop it'; the solution to the nuclear threat is 'Get rid of nuclear weapons.' "

The Goodwill Games, a two-week joint Turner-Soviet production last summer that imitated the Olympics (which the Soviets boycotted), represent Turner's most ambitious international media event thus far. He lost more than $10 million on the spectacle, and WTBS, which broadcast the games here, pulled dismal ratings. But Turner is now predicting a profit for the games when they are held in Seattle in 1990.

Meanwhile, he asserts that their primary goal—getting "the main countries of the East and West back together again"—was achieved. Actually, the games promoted mainly the official Soviet idea of goodwill. During the opening ceremonies, Soviet audiences created a giant card display of Lenin and another of an American cruise missile superimposed with an X. Later in the broadcast, orbiting Soviet cosmonauts delivered a satellite-borne advertisement for their government's arms control proposals. And both the American and Soviet governments managed to get their political licks in: Reagan by barring participation in the games by any American military personnel (there goes the boxing squad) and the Soviets by reneging on a promise to let teams from Israel and South Korea compete. Those who watched the games saw the Soviet athletes trounce the Americans, and the Americans accuse the Soviets of cheating and using drugs.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Turner and the Better World Society are also suffering the agony of defeat in their programming exchange with Gostelradio. So far Soviet television hasn't shown any of the society's advocacy productions. Stephen Coleman, director of program development for the society, says that prospects for the future are bright because Georgi Arbatov, an influential Soviet Central Committee member, sits on the society's international board of directors. According to Coleman, Arbatov thinks two BWS productions that have already been shown in the United States—"Challenge of the Caucasus," about a Soviet-American mountaineering expedition, and "A Step Away from War," a history of the test-ban movement—are likely candidates for Soviet TV. Coleman adds that BWS has received encouragement about the shows "from key people with the authority to make decisions on Soviet TV programming." BWS is also considering distributing in the United States several Soviet-produced shows about environmental problems.

Turner and Coleman acknowledge the difficulty of getting Gostelradio to air advocacy programs made in the West, but neither is willing to concede that the reason is the Soviet policy of suppressing non-official opinion of any sort. Coleman rejects the possibility that Arbatov and other Soviet officials are ruling out BWS programs that don't advance the Soviet "official story." And he argues that a "TV gap" exists. "National Soviet TV already does more to address the nuclear problem than American network TV," Coleman says, adding, "I'm ashamed of that."

Turner has gone on the stump for BWS, but his speeches

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haven't done much to clarify the society's mission. In a widely reported address to John Denver's Windstar Foundation, he rambled from the subject of deforestation to toxic waste to the unequal distribution of children's toys to an endorsement of Mario Cuomo for president. If the speech had a theme, it was this: "It was a terrible realization for me to come to because no one loves our country more than I, but I have come to the conclusion from studying it from a global circumstance that *we* are the greatest problem in the world."

If any of Turner's operations can come close to advancing his dream of a global communications system, it is his news network. CNN, a widely respected news source, is already seen in 40 percent of U.S. homes, and since 1983 it has been beamed to Australia and Canada. In Europe and Japan, CNN reaches hotels, government offices, and U.S. military bases. In a little more than five years, CNN has become the closest thing to a worldwide news source.

But there is already evidence that the news may have to change to suit the world—particularly that part controlled by the Soviet Union. During the opening ceremonies of the Goodwill Games, CNN failed to report the arrest of the dissidents Olga and Yuri Medvedkov. Stuart Loory, then CNN's Moscow bureau chief, was aware of the arrest but claims that CNN couldn't get any video to accompany the story. Daniel Schorr, who worked at CNN for almost five years, says that Turner generally doesn't interfere in the news operation, but that "people at CNN know he's buddy-buddy with those people [Soviet leaders] and they know Moscow is his favorite place." He adds, "I think it's clear that in dealing with the Soviets, you have to reach a compromise on their terms."

Turner frequently explains that he considers himself "a great and patriotic American. . . . But I am also first and foremost a citizen of this planet. The national interest is subservient today to the international interest." Not surprisingly, some of his erstwhile conservative American admirers are startled by his conversion. James Cain, the former spokesman for Fairness in Media, a conservative watchdog group, speaks warily of Turner. In 1985 Cain said Fairness in Media was "delighted" with Turner's bid for CBS. Now he says, "There are certainly indications that Turner is not a Jesse Helms or Ronald Reagan conservative." Don Kowet, a conservative journalist who covers Turner closely, says Turner has "absorbed too many ideas from his friends—including Castro—and now thinks of himself as a poor man's Armand Hammer."

Kowet's comparison of Turner with Armand Hammer is apt only insofar as both men, in the process of creating international businesses and amassing large amounts of money, have found it expedient to make overtures to the Soviet Union. The key difference is that Hammer's ferrying of dissidents from East to West is for his own gain, while Turner's TV diplomacy is ostensibly to benefit his viewers. Thus it is up to the individual cable subscriber to vote on Turner's Soviet initiative with a spin of his television dial. As for me, I'm skipping the 1990 Goodwill Games and tuning in "Leave It to Beaver."

ADAM PAUL WEISMAN

The bridge to nowhere and other developmental follies.

WHITE ELEPHANTS IN BLACK AFRICA

BY STEVEN MUFSON

Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert . . .
And on a pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"

Matadi, Zaire

TWO VAST LEGS of steel stand in the water of the mighty Congo River, and from them hangs Africa's longest suspension bridge. The new bridge, opened in 1984, boasts two decks, one for automobiles and one for trains. But there isn't any railroad here. The railroad deck runs into a solid rock cliff. A smoothly paved road crosses the river on the upper deck and runs past a granite inscription with the name "President Mobutu Sese Seko Suspension Bridge." Then the road disappears around a bend and turns into gravel and broken blacktop. During the first six months the bridge was open, an average of 53 vehicles a day passed over it.

When African nations gained independence 25 years ago, they desperately needed sensible development to secure their economic future. Too often they received white elephant development projects like Zaire's bridge to nowhere, which have squandered both money and opportunity. There are hundreds of projects like these, ranging

Steven Mufson, former *Wall Street Journal* correspondent in Johannesburg, is now a free-lance writer based in Africa.

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from a multimillion-dollar sugar plant that sank in a Sudanese swamp to a multibillion-dollar power line in Zaire. They have contributed to the continent's downward spiral toward even greater poverty, and have left sub-Saharan Africa more than $85 billion in debt with little to show for it.

African countries couldn't have built these mammoth mistakes alone. Wealthy nations and their manufacturing giants tripped over each other in the headlong rush to push profitable exports in Africa. African leadership, fueled by vanity and overblown expectations, must share responsibility. As a World Bank report puts it: "Genuine mistakes and misfortunes cannot explain the excessive number of 'white elephants.' Too many projects have been selected either on the basis of political prestige or [with] inadequate regard for their likely economic and financial rate of return." Through a combination of greed, mismanagement, bad luck, and insufficient international support, Africa has been saddled with what development experts call "cathedrals in the desert."

The crippling legacy of debt still stunts industrial growth in Africa. In the year before Africa's greatest famine, there was a net outflow of funds from the continent, much of it for debt service. When Western interest in famine wanes, that outflow could resume. The Organization of African Unity estimates that this year the interest payments on Africa's debts will equal two-thirds of the money the continent receives in aid.

Hence when President Abdou Diouf of Senegal presented the OAU's first serious economic reform program to the United Nations in May, he appealed for debt relief. To the Africans, Diouf's request was a reasonable one. They feel that, given the role of multinational companies and Western governments in promoting their own products, they must share the blame—and the responsibility. But among Western donors, it has become as fashionable now to blame Africa's misery entirely on African mismanagement, just as it once was for Africans to blame it all on colonialism. In best Reaganomics style, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Vernon Walters told the same conference that the answer to Africa's problems is "growth," and that forgiving African debt would cause a financial crisis in the developed world.

THE TROUBLE WITH the bridge at Matadi is that it was designed to carry copper exports to markets that no longer exist through a port that was never built. Most Zairian exports pass through Matadi. Copper, the country's most important commodity, is shipped from Matadi down the Congo River by barge to the Atlantic Ocean about 100 miles away. In the early 1970s, European Community planners forecast that Zaire's copper exports would outgrow the river port. They said the railroad delivering copper to Matadi should be extended over the river by bridge, and go all the way to the small oceanside town of Banana. There several European donor countries (and European companies) would build a deep-water superport and industrial zone.

Three Japanese companies bid for the bridge and railroad, turning down a Zairian request to electrify an existing section of railroad. In 1971 the Japanese government offered a $150 million loan. Before the Japanese companies even started work, cost estimates tripled. The companies discarded the railroad to Banana to keep their costs in line with the Japanese government loan. Eager not to lose the loan altogether, Zaire agreed. Construction on the 722-meter-long bridge finally started in 1979.

It took seven years and 13,000 tons of Japanese steel to complete. Zaire can't meet its debt payments anymore, but Japan's Overseas Economic Cooperation Fund, a government loan agency, paid the companies anyway. The loan to Zaire, originally at a four percent interest rate repayable over 25 years, has been rescheduled at a higher interest rate along with the rest of Zaire's $4 billion debt.

Matadi now ships less copper than it did when the Belgians abandoned the colony in 1960. Officials say the port at Banana certainly won't be built before the end of the century. According to estimates by the lead Japanese contractor, the port and the railroad to connect it to Matadi would cost more than $2 billion.

Should the Japanese companies and government have known better? An international banking officer responsible for Zaire says, "The traffic at Matadi is nowhere near enough to justify the bridge. Developed countries press projects on a developing country and the developing country is hard-pressed to say no." The lead contractor, Ishikawajima-Harima Heavy Industries Co. of Tokyo, won't comment about the bridge. But a Japanese businessman says, "This is a great bridge, monumental. It is a symbol of cooperation between Japan and Africa." He pauses, then adds, "At the beginning it was a good project. It isn't our fault."

TOGO, A THIN sliver of a country in West Africa, is an unlikely place for a steel mill. The country produces none of the natural raw materials for steel, and its own steel consumption is minimal. That didn't stop the construction of a $47 million steel mill amid the coconut trees outside the capital of Lome. The mill can produce seven times the amount of steel Togo needs. The plant was finished in 1979. It never has operated at more than 22 percent of capacity.

"It wasn't really a good idea in the first place," says Sven Kjellstrom, who was a World Bank representative in Lome. The feasibility study for the plant was done by the European suppliers of equipment. Kjellstrom says they underestimated production costs, electricity costs, and the availability of scrap metal to be used as raw material. The study's estimate of the potential market was "grossly optimistic," he adds.

Flush with earnings from high prices for phosphates, the country's principal export, Togo bought what one expert calls a "Rolls Royce of the steel business." Armed with Swiss government loan guarantees, the Swiss company Brown Boveri made the electrical components and gas tur-

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bines. Backed by Swedish government credits, the Swedish firm Centro-Morgdshammer built the rolling mill. The deal included ten years of spare parts and warehouses. A Brown Boveri spokesman argues that the plant could have drawn scrap metal from other countries in the region and sold steel to them. Low energy cost estimates counted on cheap oil from Nigeria. "It was feasible," he says. "It wasn't a dream."

It wound up a nightmare. Guy Hansen, a Morgdshammer employee who tried to get the mill started, says: "It was a disaster from the beginning. It was morally wrong to give people that kind of industry if they can't run it." Logistically Togo couldn't collect scrap from its neighbor countries. And with phosphate prices falling, the government couldn't even pay the plant workers. Hansen himself had to sell his car to make ends meet.

The country has paid off only one-quarter of the cost of the plant. The remaining loans have been refinanced at interest rates higher than the original concessionary rates. "The [European] government credits prevented the suppliers from doing careful analysis of the viability of the project," says a bitter official of Togo's Planning Ministry. "Those governments must take a big share of the responsibility. They encourage projects to increase their own exports and create employment."

IT ISN'T JUST contract-hungry Western companies that are to blame. The Soviet Union has sponsored several white elephants in Africa, including a misguided milk bottling plant in the dusty Sudanese town of Babanusa. The nomadic Baggara tribesmen who live in the region drink their milk straight from the cow, and there aren't any refrigeration facilities for shipping milk elsewhere. The 20-year-old plant never has been used to bottle milk. The conveyor belts stand still. The giant gleaming vats are sometimes used to dry dates.

Some unnecessary projects come back to haunt developed countries. Eight years ago, when Guinea-Bissau, a small country in West Africa, wanted to replace one of its two aging DC-3 planes, the British government was glad to help. The state-owned plane manufacturer British Aerospace wrote a feasibility study forecasting a two-and-a-half-fold increase in tourist traffic to Guinea-Bissau. With a British government loan covering 44 percent of the new plane's cost, the deal was done.

In fact, traffic to Guinea-Bissau fell. The new plane's load dipped from 800 passenger hours in 1978 to 700 hours in 1983. (The original target was 2,000 hours.) "Even with the more optimistic growth assumption, the plane wouldn't have covered its operating costs until the third year," says a report to the British Trade Ministry. "It wouldn't ever cover capital costs."

Britain's Export Credit Guarantee Department says that until recently it never considered the viability of projects it backed. "The main responsibility must rest with the importing country," says one department official. That posture has proven costly to ECGD and export credit guarantee agencies in other countries. In the past six years, ECGD has paid increasing amounts to British exporters to cover rescheduled loans. At first it drew the money it needed from earlier ECGD earnings. Two years ago, however, the agency went into the red. It now has run up a deficit of 766 million pounds sterling—more than $1.1 billion—to cover claims.

Zaire's American-built Inga-Shaba power transmission line shows how a project can proceed for political reasons even when better alternatives exist. The longest power line in the world links Zaire's gigantic Inga dam, near the capital, with Shaba, the country's copper-producing province. It crosses 1,100 miles of rugged Zairian terrain, much of it previously uncharted. Completed in 1982, more than a decade late and at a cost of $2 billion (six times the original estimate), it accounts for nearly half of Zaire's national debt. Yet the power line operates at less than half its capacity. Critics call it the biggest, most politicized white elephant project in the world.

Studies done for the government of Zaire in the 1960s argued against the project. Several smaller hydropower projects in Shaba itself would have sufficed, the consultants said. But the line held two attractions for Zaire's President Mobutu: it was a one-of-a-kind prestige project, and it tied the rebellious province of Shaba to the capital region. Sheldon Vance, the U.S. ambassador to Zaire from 1969 until 1974, sounded the political theme: Shaba wouldn't rebel if dependent upon Inga's power, an appealing idea to the Zairians. A former European ambassador to Zaire says, "To make Shaba dependent on you sounded great in the ears of Mobutu. And like any ambassador, Vance was a great salesman for his own country."

ONLY SWEDEN and the United States had the technology for such a long-distance power line, and Vance gave American know-how a boost. "We certainly made sure that [Mobutu] was informed about the quality of the American bidders and made sure the [U.S.] companies saw the right people," says Vance. Including Mobutu. "That's part of what we [ambassadors] are paid for. It's part of the return on your taxes." A lot of those taxes are going now toward bailing out the project. The U.S. Export-Import Bank guaranteed $696 million in loans to Zaire, mostly to cover the U.S.-built portion of the line. With Zaire's debt rescheduling, the Ex-Im Bank has had to pay the U.S. firms General Electric and Morrison-Knudsen.

Vance blames the failure of the project on the boom in oil prices, the recession in the industrialized world, and the subsequent collapse in copper demand. "If you are looking for a villain, look for OPEC," he says. Like the promoters of many white elephant projects in Africa, Vance says the Inga-Shaba line will prove a sound idea in the long run. "There is a good parallel in our history. The Harriman family was criticized for building the Union Pacific railroad after the U.S. Civil War, but it turned out to be a reasonable gadget." Vance currently works in Washington helping companies do business abroad. One of his clients is Morrison-Knudsen. □

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It's official: the world's biggest car company is a clunker.

THE WRECK OF GENERAL MOTORS

BY JAMES K. GLASSMAN

HARDLY AN UNIMPEACHABLE source, John Z. DeLorean was right about one thing. He knew what was wrong with General Motors. It was swollen and stuffy, dominated by financial types instead of engineers, and "incapable of changing." DeLorean said in 1979, "There is virtually no likelihood of outsiders taking over the management of General Motors."

Two weeks ago, an outsider who did have some likelihood of taking over the management of General Motors—or at least of changing it—was bought off for $743 million. Henry Ross Perot, GM's biggest shareholder, had become a pest. "Push, push, push. Harder, harder, harder. That's my nature," he would say. He was going around criticizing the management publicly for treating its workers poorly and for being inefficient. "It takes five years to develop a new car in this country," he said. "Heck, we won World War II in four years."

Roger Smith, GM's chairman, decided he had had enough. He offered Perot twice the market price of his stock to get Perot out of his hair. Shelling out three-quarters of a billion dollars is not something that GM is in a great position to do these days. The company had a pretax loss of $364 million in the third quarter. This year, for the first time since 1924, GM will make less money than Ford. But Smith and his board dipped into the GM treasury, and Ross Perot agreed to leave quietly (there's a $7.5 million fine if he criticizes GM). He also promised not to buy any GM stock or try to take over the company for five years. Even for the third-richest man in America, $743 million is hard to resist.

Perot, in a typical flourish, then put the money in an escrow account until December 15 "in order to give the GM directors time to review this matter." Of the 25 directors, nine are current or former GM executives and seven are retired chairmen of other companies. It's hardly a feisty group. These directors really don't need any extra time to think it over. They were very happy to see this irritating little man take a walk.

This wasn't your typical greenmail deal. Perot wasn't trying to buy out the stockholders of GM with a tender offer (although that's not a bad idea). He sold his company, Electronic Data Systems (EDS), to GM in 1984, received a load of special Class E stock, kept his title of chairman of EDS (at just $68,000 a year—Perot doesn't believe in huge salaries for executives who own a lot of stock), and was brought onto the GM board. He was trying to change GM from the inside.

And GM needed changing. While Ford responded to the Japanese challenge by getting leaner, redesigning its cars, and stressing quality control, General Motors rested on its considerable laurels. From 1980 to 1985, market share was beginning to slip away, but GM kept growing—the number of salaried employees rose by 14 percent. GM executives scoffed at Ford's new aerodynamic designs ("lozenges!"). Their idea was to "downsize"—to make new Chevrolets that looked like old Chevrolets but were a little smaller and lighter. GM was mired in cynicism. More and more, its cars looked alike; the differences were in spots of chrome and in marketing. For instance, GM's approach to the yuppie market, to young doctors and lawyers buying BMWs, was the Cimarron, which was simply a Chevrolet Cavalier with a Cadillac logo on the grille and leather seats inside, selling at a 100 percent markup.

And quality! General Motors had the worst record of any automobile manufacturer in *Consumer Reports*'s annual frequency-of-repair survey last April. The survey, which drew 450,000 responses, rated more than 300 models according to a Trouble Index, based on reliability in 16 different areas—brakes, fuel system, suspension, and so on. I analyzed the results for '84 and '85 model cars:

MANUFACTURER	PCT. RATED ABOVE AVERAGE	PCT. RATED BELOW AVERAGE
General Motors	1	69
Chrysler	13	70
Ford	10	46
All Japanese	88	0
All German	64	4

(Chrysler's total, I should note, includes cars made in Japan, such as the Dodge Colt. U.S.-made Chrysler cars did not fare so well. Of 47 models, only four percent were above average and 83 percent were below.)

Consumer Reports also listed 133 recommended used cars, in 13 price categories. These models were "relatively unlikely to be troublesome." Of these 133, only two GM cars (the 1980 Buick LeSabre and Electra) were on the recommended list. GM cars constituted two percent of the list even though GM over the last five years has sold more than 40 percent of America's cars. By contrast, Japanese cars made up 59 percent of the list, German cars 22 percent. Ford came in at 13 percent (a decent showing, considering Ford has a market share of 18 percent), and Chrysler just two percent.

But GM, until very recently, had inertia on its side. The rest of the world was making better cars, but Americans kept buying Chevys and Pontiacs anyway, out of habit and

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patriotism. Now that, too, is changing. The sales data released at the end of November were devastating. GM's share of the U.S. market in November 1986 was only 33.8 percent, compared with 40 percent in November 1985 and over 50 percent in the mid-'60s. Meanwhile, Ford was up from 16.1 to 18.7; Toyota from 6.5 to 8.0; and Honda from 6.4 to 9.6.

Combine falling sales with rising costs and you have a big problem. Roger Smith knows it. A flushed, adolescent-looking man of 61 with frizzy red hair, he's hardly the sort you would imagine as the CEO of the largest industrial company in the world. He wants to do good. He knows something is wrong at GM, and he's tried to fix it. DeLorean said seven years ago, "General Motors is so gigantic and power-laden that the miracles of free enterprise can no longer operate, rewarding innovation and imagination and punishing lethargy and unresponsiveness." But those days are over, and Smith knows it. The market is punishing lethargy.

But, instead of being unresponsive, Smith has suddenly become almost too responsive. Looking for a high-tech quick fix, he bought EDS for $2.5 billion in 1984 and Hughes Aircraft, a defense electronics firm, for $5.2 billion last year. He launched the Saturn Corporation, a separate division that would build low-cost cars, using new technology and marketing techniques. He invested heavily in robotics. He set up a joint venture with Toyota to build Novas (actually Toyota Corolla clones) in Fremont, California. At the same time, Smith was convinced that GM had to stay big. While Ford was cutting its assembly plants from 17 to 14, GM added five new ones. This was his "market-share" strategy. GM had to continue to dominate the U.S. market rather than look for niches.

So far, the only part of the grandiose plan that has worked is the Toyota joint venture, which is building terrific little cars in a plant under Japanese management. Hughes has been disappointing, EDS will have a hard time surviving the divorce settlement with Perot, Saturn has been scaled back by half and now looks like just another GM plant, and robotics have been expensive and not very productive.

TO A FINANCE MAN like Smith, the failure of high technology must be especially galling. Bookkeepers are used to static analysis. They want to see budgets, numbers that will hold still on the page. Then they manipulate the numbers to suit. Robotics are supposed to require a certain fixed investment, and then they're supposed to pay off in reduced operating costs. The big question for the bookkeeper is: Does the investment today justify the savings down the road? It was a tough call, but the bookkeeper decided to make the investment. Imagine his disgust when the investment didn't work. Recalcitrant robots!

In *The Reckoning* (Morrow), his new book on the competition between American and Japanese automakers, David Halberstam writes about Harley Shaiken, a young MIT professor who once worked on a GM assembly line:

> The American robotics craze, [Shaiken] realized, was about trendiness and wealth—we're not as good as they are, and we're richer, so let's go to robots. It was the panicky response of men who did not really know the factory.... It was an example of throwing money at a problem. It reminded him of the American response to Vietnam; confronted by a clever, relentless, dedicated enemy they could not understand, the Americans had tried to win by throwing their technology at the war.

Finally, with sales falling and fixed investments gobbling up cash, Smith abandoned the market-share strategy. Eleven plants are being closed; the white-collar work force will be cut by 25 percent. GM may have to be satisfied with just a third of the market.

ROGER SMITH is a tragic figure, a sweet guy with good intentions who knows something is wrong and is trying to fix it but can't. He is the wrong man to change General Motors. Like his four predecessors, he comes from the financial side of GM, while the problems are operational—they're in the product, in the cars themselves, and in motivating the employees. Besides, the system—GM's culture and history and huge size—is smothering him. He says that he has had to drag middle managers "kicking and screaming" to where he wants GM to go. But there's little evidence that they have followed—or even that he's really dragged them.

DeLorean was right. Only an outsider can put GM on the right track today. And Smith, even with 38 years working for the system, seemed to understand. One of the reasons he bought EDS two years ago was to get the brain of Ross Perot, the ultimate outsider, to work on GM's problem. Smith wanted GM to become more like EDS, tougher and leaner and more focused on results instead of procedures.

But it didn't work. A leader without troops, Perot became frustrated. He would not behave himself. He lacked the collegial GM spirit. He was the only director to vote against the Hughes acquisition. He complained about executives' getting heated garages at company headquarters and chauffeur-driven cars. He said that workers and managers should eat in the same dining room and get proportional bonuses. And he did his carping publicly.

In a recent interview in *Ward's Auto World*, for example, Perot said: "Let's say there is a problem with the brakes. They will send some bright, highly motivated staff person, probably a financial type, out to check on the brake problem. He talks with an accountant who talks to someone in long-range planning, and finally they form a committee to talk to some poor devil working on brakes who knows what the hell to do." The right way to solve a brake problem, said Perot, is to put the failing parts on a desk, get a few engineers around and redesign them. The process should take weeks, not months.

A director of General Motors sniping at his company in a trade publication! And a director who didn't know anything about cars, at that! Who was this guy anyway? H. Ross Perot is one of the most ubiquitous figures in recent American history. He keeps popping up. The grandson of a French immigrant to Texas and the son of a horse trader,

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Perot was a great salesman, even as a kid. He managed to talk his way into an appointment to the U.S. Naval Academy and, despite a mediocre academic record, was elected president of the class of 1953. He spent four years in the Navy, then joined IBM and started breaking records selling computers. His commissions were so spectacular that the company put a ceiling on them. Above a certain level of sales in a year, Perot couldn't earn a commission. In 1962, he hit that level on January 19. So he quit IBM and in June, with $1,000 in capital, started his own company, EDS, which set up complicated computer systems for businesses and government agencies. Instead of selling computer hardware, Perot sold methods to put it to use.

EDS was housed in such an unprepossessing building in Dallas that many people thought it was a greasy spoon called "Ed's." The company stumbled along until 1965, when it was hired by Texas Blue Shield to set up a computer system for handling Medicare payments, making Perot, a right-winger, into what *Ramparts* magazine called "America's first welfare billionaire."

On April 22, 1970, at the age of 40, Perot became famous for losing, on paper, $450 million—"quite possibly more in actual purchasing power than any man had ever lost in a single day since the Industrial Revolution," as John Brooks put it. The loss came in EDS stock, which suddenly and inexplicably plunged 50 points. But Perot still had a billion left. He used some of it to save the third-largest investment firm on Wall Street from going under at a critical time; to finance a mission to Iran to spring two EDS employees from prison (a story told in the book *On Wings of Eagles*); to ransom (or *try* to ransom) various Americans held hostage, including the ones now in Lebanon; and to buy the Magna Charta and donate it to the National Archives.

But, above all, Perot—like Lee Iacocca—was a great salesman. And his greatest sales coup was landing the world's largest client for EDS: General Motors. The deal that Perot made in 1984 left EDS a fairly independent company. Since then, it has grown from 15,000 employees to 40,000; from $926 million in revenues to an estimated $5 billion for 1986. And almost all of the growth came from work EDS was doing for GM, which now represents 74 percent of its total business.

If Perot liked his side of the bargain with GM, Smith didn't like his own. Perot wouldn't shut up. He was making Smith's life miserable. The great experiment had failed. At whatever cost to the company, Perot had to go. So Ross took the $743 million and left his EDS friends behind to the tender mercies of GM. (Who was going to rescue *these* hostages?) The *Washington Post* reported that a GM source said Perot "was ecstatic" over the buyback of his stock. "He signed the agreement immediately." But then, an hour later, Perot was saying that the deal was "morally wrong" and he was putting the money in escrow for two weeks. Morally wrong! If it was morally wrong, why did he accept it?

Brooks, in his 1973 book *The Go-Go Years*, has an explanation. "He made what he did a virtue, and a virtue of what he did," Brooks wrote. "But was he a hypocrite?" Brooks was referring to the initial public offering of EDS stock, which made Perot one of the half-dozen richest men in the country but which was an ill-conceived and dangerous proposition for small investors who were sucked in. But all the while, Perot was portraying himself as "a moral billionaire." He gave $1 million to the Boy Scouts, $2 million to the Dallas public schools to finance a pilot school in a black ghetto. He refused to take tax deductions for his charity. There are parallels in the GM deal, in Perot taking the money but disdaining it. A hypocrite?

About Perot's style, Brooks wrote: "Hypocrisy in common morals, like fraud in common law, is an offense that requires an element of 'scienter'—knowledge of the offender that he is committing the offense. Viewed in that light, Perot, without scienter, was innocent."

In fact, Perot and Smith were both innocent. Robert Wilson, the ace stock-picker, said in *Barron's* recently, "With raiders and managements, you have scoundrels dealing with idiots." Generally, that's an accurate characterization. But with GM, it's a little different. Perot is not a scoundrel, and Smith is not an idiot. They're two men, more naive than anyone would guess, trying to fix the world's largest company, and failing.

Would Perot have made a good chairman for GM? Probably. Should Smith and his board have put up with Perot's obnoxious sniping? Absolutely. With the departure of Perot, it appears unlikely that the GM board will soon bring in another outsider to resuscitate the company.

THE ONLY alternative may be a takeover financed with junk bonds. Don't laugh. I've looked at the numbers. GM has 318 million shares of common stock outstanding, trading at $70 a share. A tender offer of $100 a share sounds about right. Throw in similar premiums for GM's two other classes of stock and the total outlay for the company would come to around $39 billion. Add another billion for the investment bankers and the lawyers.

Where will the $40 billion come from? From debt (junk bonds, if you must) issued by my shell corporation and guaranteed by GM.

Who will buy the bonds? Anyone who would like a return of, say, 12 or 13 percent.

Will current GM shareholders sell out? Forty percent of GM's stock is in the hands of institutions—mutual funds, insurance companies, and pension plans—which lack sentimental attachments to the companies whose shares they own. They'll sell.

How will my acquiring company service the $40 billion in debt? Out of GM's own cash flow, which for the past three years has been running at about $10 billion annually. That's more than enough to handle interest payments, but, if more cash is needed in the early years, I'll sell off EDS and Hughes . . .

This fantasy has gone far enough. Who wants to own GM anyway? Let Roger Smith and his board repair the wreck of General Motors. I'll use my $40 billion to buy something fun like Strategic Lasers Ltd. or Erotic Pizza Group, or maybe to free some hostages. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

A Bride

Holiness is an odd word in a film review. It's necessary here. Alain Cavalier's film *Thérèse* is about a girl whose short life was lived in holiness, with no sense of renouncing the world, with religious passion, with simple joy. She died in 1897, aged 24, and in 1925 she became Saint Thérèse of Lisieux. In its tone this film is a devotion.

Thérèse
(Circle Releasing Corp.)

Reference books say that she is one of the most widely loved saints; Cavalier and his colleagues are only the latest filmmakers to show why. A recent issue of *Variety* reminded us that Julien Duvivier made a film about her in 1929, and so did two other French directors in 1939 and 1951. I have seen none of these. I hope, though I can hardly believe, that they are comparable to Cavalier's. In fact, the one previous Cavalier film I have seen—out of the nine he has made—was no preparation for *Thérèse*.

With the first few shots a method becomes clear. This film, like all superior films, was seen quintessentially before it was made: the director knew the qualities he wanted and could begin immediately and surely in the right mode. Cavalier quite clearly wanted to dismiss from our minds at the very start any suspicion that this was going to be stained-glass cinematic hagiography. He does this by selection, by omission. His motto is not "Less is more" but "Less is all." In the first scene Thérèse, about 15, and her sister are getting into their beds. Their white-haired father warms the beds with a long-handled warming pan. They snuggle under their down comforters; he kisses them and leaves. No music; very little dialogue; lighting that makes us feel the warmth of the beds; and no background: the scene is set against blackness. The light fades quickly to black before the next short scene. This pattern—a brief, softly lighted scene played against black, then fading quickly to black—continues.

Soon we understand that we are going to see a succession of short scenes, strung like beads on a thread of black briefly glimpsed between them. The shapes are varied, with occasional glimpses of an entire room or a kitchen, with a close-up of feet or of shoes; but for the most part scenes are furnished only with selected, suggestive objects set against a dark background, sometimes even bordered with darkness. At first the impression is of theater scenes, evocatively lighted, plucked out of darkness to suggest stations on a journey. But before long that sense gives way to another. On a stage those scenes would have blackness around them as an unavoidable circumstance. But a film director can eliminate the surrounding blackness, if he chooses, merely by moving the camera in and concentrating on actors and objects. Cavalier chose to keep his camera back slightly, often at a moderately low angle, thus deliberately including an embrace of black around some scenes. Aided by a wonderfully sympathetic cinematographer, Philippe Rousselot (who did the utterly different, gorgeous *Diva*), he makes us think of his scenes as luminous moments—from a life.

Rigor is the keynote of this method, but because of the gentle lighting, the rigor seems paradoxically gentle. The film has only one exterior shot, a brief scene of a nun climbing over a convent wall on knotted sheets. The closure of most of what we see, treated tenderly, suits the subject perfectly. To the world Thérèse might seem to be renouncing the world; in fact she is joyfully choosing the world she wants.

The 15-year-old girl struggles to enter the Carmelite order, in the convent where two of her sisters are already cloistered. (Later, another older sister also joins.) Because of her youth she is denied by priest, by bishop, even by the pope, to whom she takes her case. (The scene with the pope is a marvel of tact and compression.) At last she is admitted. From the start of her struggle to become a Carmelite and all through her convent life, she thinks of Jesus as the husband she wants to join, whom at last she marries. All nuns are brides of Christ, of course, but the metaphor is more intense for Thérèse.

Sex is not so much sublimated in her life as elevated. Corporeal desires are turned toward the spiritual husband. When another young nun says she has difficulty in approaching Christ, Thérèse says, "Fondle him. That's how I snared him." To note that this inspired sexuality is treated without luridness is almost an offense to the film: the question of luridness never arises. The sexuality in Thérèse and in other young Carmelites is viewed as a provision of God to make them more godly, another means of worship, like speech.

Simply, the film follows Thérèse's simple, short life: her duties, her friendships, her penances, her confidences. At one point the mother superior gives her a notebook and asks her to fill it with her thoughts. (This autobiography, now well-known, is the basis of the film.) Thérèse is never sanctimonious. She boasts no "goodness"; most of the time she is smiling with quiet pleasure at getting what she wanted, whether she is praying or scrubbing or cleaning fish or bathing a very old nun. Her smile recog-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Color of Money. With a stronger script, this sequel to *The Hustler* could have been a sound film. But it does have Paul Newman; and Martin Scorsese directs in fine, dark style. (Reviewed 11/17/86)

Half Life. Dennis O'Rourke's simple, strong documentary about the Marshall Islanders who survived—and didn't survive—the U.S. testing of an H-bomb in 1954. (12/15/86)

Marlene. Present-day Dietrich refused to appear, but her now-baritone voice wonderfully holds together this flavorful documentary of her career. (12/8/86)

Sid and Nancy. Those who care little for punk rock (like me) may be held (like me) by the stark treatment of Sid Vicious and his girl, their lives and deaths. (10/27/86)

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nizes the beauty of this old woman and also accepts the inevitable approach of death, which will, in time, take her, too. It comes sooner than she had thought it would. Tuberculosis develops in Thérèse; yet, although she suffers much, she keeps on, not allowing herself to take pride in suffering as she performs her household and religious duties. (In *Diary of a Country Priest* the old priest says to the young one, "Do small things. Every day.") We see her bedridden, but we do not see her die. The last shot is of her worn cloth shoes, left by a pilgrim who no longer needs them.

The other characters are as real as need be: her quiet father, her three sisters, her other Carmelite sisters, including the testy mother superior and the young nun who flees the convent because she wants Thérèse's love more than Christ's and cannot have either. The sets, and the absence of them, were excellently designed by the veteran Bernard Evein, whose career ranges from the realism of *The Four Hundred Blows* to the musical-comedy realism of *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*.

Catherine Mouchet, who plays Thérèse, graduated in 1985 from the National Conservatory of Dramatic Art in Paris, has appeared in some plays, and makes her film debut here. Her face is the sort that might go unnoticed in a crowd but not when it is alone. In repose the corners of her mouth turn down slightly; when she smiles, an inner person appears. She gives Thérèse exactly what is wanted: the spirit of life fulfilled, not forsaken, by joining this order.

I first heard of Cavalier from the composer Georges Delerue in 1964. Delerue said that he had been writing the score for a Philippe De Broca film, had been shown Cavalier's new film (*L'Insoumis*), and had been so impressed that he asked De Broca for leave to write music for the newcomer's picture. *Thérèse*, however, has very little music in it. Cavalier wrote the script with his daughter Camille de Casabianca, herself an actress and director. They have concentrated on the dailiness of Thérèse's life, on, in Cavalier's words, "a love story between an adolescent girl and Jesus Christ." We see no miracles.

That is not quite true. We see a secular miracle: that Cavalier should have conceived a film of this order, should have found the means to make it and exactly the right colleagues, and should have brought it off flawlessly. *Thérèse* is not pietistic, it is pure. Whatever our beliefs or non-beliefs, its extraordinary happiness fills us with wonder, even with envy.

GOOD IN THE WAY OF BELIEF

William James: His Life and Thought by Gerald E. Myers

(Yale University Press, 628 pp., $35)

It is more than a half century since Ralph Barton Perry published his magisterial and worshipful *Thought and Character of William James*, and for many years since then philosophers have hoped that someone would critically re-examine the thought of William James with a less adoring attitude than Perry's, and, of course, with less ignorance and misunderstanding than one finds among authors who have written about James with only the foggiest ideas of what he stood for intellectually. Students of the history of American culture have similarly hoped that the life of William James would be carefully re-examined by a scholar who could not only understand James's intellectual contributions, but could also evaluate the hypotheses advanced since the appearance of Perry's book by literary critics, historians, and psychiatrists who have bravely delved into William's complicated personal relations with his father Henry, his brother Henry, his sister Alice, and his wife Alice. In partial fulfillment of these high hopes, the philosopher Gerald E. Myers has written the most informed study of William James's life and thought to appear in the last 50 years.

Myers writes about James's life only briefly, but with sympathy and understanding, and without regarding William as the victimized son of Henry Sr., the victimizing brother of Henry Jr., the erotically flirtatious brother of his sister Alice, or the neurotically fugitive husband of his wife Alice. Myers's first chapter is a scholarly and penetrating discussion of William's life among the Henrys and the Alices; Myers rejects the more extreme views of a number of Freudians, but always with the serious inquirer's advantage of having read pages and pages of Jamesiana in the Houghton Library at Harvard, and the logically acute philosopher's advantage of knowing what it is to support a belief by supplying cogent evidence for it.

Such knowledge leads Myers to pour cool, but not icy, water on the view that Henry Sr. caused William's first neurotic symptoms by urging him to choose science rather than art as a vocation; it encourages Myers to question the view that throughout his life William harbored a deep animus against Henry Jr.; and it leads Myers to doubt that William's engagement precipitated his sister Alice's mental breakdown. Myers's measured reflections on these and related matters help him avoid questionable hypotheses about what James was like as a human being. He shows us how this seemingly sunny "adorable genius," as Whitehead once called him, handled his depressions and exhausting bouts of anxiety, and how he fought his way to become the foremost American philosopher of his time while suffering intensely painful backaches, insomnia, eye trouble, and other ailments that, according to Myers, have been dubiously diagnosed by amateur and professional psychiatrists, who have exaggerated the psychosexual significance of James's symptoms.

The image of James as a self-absorbed, enigmatic, depressed neurotic, "though not strictly incorrect, is lopsided," says Myers. James, he continues, wrote prolifically, traveled in Europe, attended concerts and the theater, visited museums, hiked, spoke before large and enthusiastic audiences, mixed with distinguished company, and proudly fathered five children. Although he tries hard to tone down some of the more exaggerated claims about James's psyche, Myers's interest in James's emotional life is altogether secondary to his interest in James the thinker. Once Myers has had his sensible say in chapter one about James's life with father, brother, sister, and wife (mother, for some reason, is no big problem for the biographers), he quickly moves on to a very different sort of discussion of James's philosophy and psychology.

Myers is not systematically concerned with the intellectual influences on James's thought, nor with the general cultural atmosphere in which he worked; he therefore says little about the philosophical connections between James, Peirce, and Dewey, and little about the impact of other thinkers on James. But even without the extra volume or two that Myers

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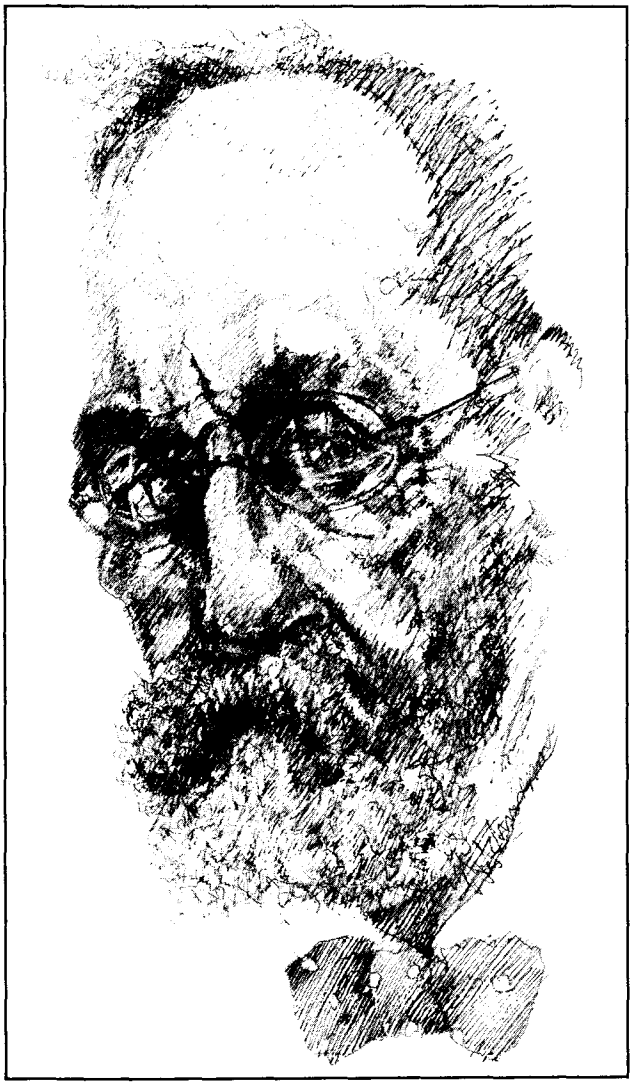
says he would have needed for a study of this impact, his book contains about 130 single-spaced pages of footnotes, which follow 480 pages of a text that teems with philosophical and psychological explanations. Certainly, therefore, Myers has every right to be pleased by the formidable amount of research he has done. But, unfortunately, he has no right to claim to have discovered a "previously unknown" manuscript, "The Foreboding Meeting; or, The Artist's Fate," in which James describes, with the help of his own charming drawings, an encounter with Emerson that is thought to have taken place in 1864; the fact is that this manuscript was reproduced photographically in 1920 by William's son Henry in *The Letters of William James*.

Luckily, however, for Myers, who needs a transition from his introductory biographical chapter to his discussion of James's ideas, James explicitly linked his mental troubles to his philosophy when he indicated in 1870 that he had been helped out of a severe depression by adopting the view that the will is free. At the age of 28, James seems to have emerged from an early bout of his recurrent ailment after accepting the view of Charles Renouvier that we have free will insofar as we can sustain a thought because we choose to, when we might have other thoughts instead. James announced in his diary, where he reported "a crisis in my life," that he would assume that he had free will in Renouvier's sense and that his first act of free will would be to believe in free will. Myers's account of this famous episode of 1870 enables him to move smoothly from his one biographical chapter to 13 critically expository chapters about James's views on consciousness, sensation and perception, space, time, memory, attention and will, emotion, thought, knowledge, reality, self, morality, and religion. Of course, not all of James's beliefs on these topics are regarded by Myers (or by James) as curative in the way that James's beliefs on free will were supposed by him to be, but Myers rightly points out—as Perry did before him—that much of James's thinking was dominated by the idea that philosophy, if taken seriously, can alter one's life; and Myers naturally observes that this goes a long way toward explaining why he was so popular a philosopher and so important a figure in American intellectual life.

Myers is determined to probe James's views in psychology and philosophy with an eye on more recent work in both of those disciplines. His determination to examine his subject exhaustively leads him to write much that is informative and illuminating, but also much that is repetitious, scattered, and confusing. Myers seems to have read virtually every word written by James and an astonishing amount in the commentaries on him, but too often it is either difficult to understand what Myers's main points are, or it is all too easy to do so because he keeps making them over and over again. This is especially true when Myers treats certain sections of James's two-volume masterwork, *Principles of Psychology* (1890). While discussing these sections, Myers often drives his reader to the writings of James himself, not only for enlightenment about what Myers is trying to say but also for comic relief. After all, how many psychologists illustrate their ideas by pointing to the similarity between the sounds of "*Pas de lieu Rhône que nous*" and those of "paddle your own canoe"?



DRAWING BY DAVID SCHORR FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Because Myers can at times be repetitive and verbose, many readers of his book will take to paddling through it selectively. They may feel quite justified, for example, in seeking other waters after reading: "When James said, 'Space is really an indeterminate vastness,' what did he mean? Because his treatment of this topic is minimal, we must conjecture somewhat." A conscientious reader should feel only minimally guilty about letting Myers conjecture here by himself, for even such a reader, like a reviewer who is not granted an indeterminate vastness of space, will prefer to concentrate on more central ideas that worried James throughout his philosophical life.

Although James is now the subject of renewed and energetic attention, when I was a student he was not regarded as a philosopher to be reckoned with very seriously. He was acknowledged to be a fascinating figure in the history of American thought, the author of a great work in psychology, a delightful stylist, and a remarkably generous man, but in the '30s he was very much overshadowed by Charles Peirce and John Dewey, at least in the philosophical circles in which I traveled. Peirce was celebrated in those days as the anticipator of logical positivism, and as the author of a version of pragmatism that was thought to be superior to that of James; Dewey was widely heralded as a theorist of inquiry, as a philosopher of progressive education, and as a liberal political thinker whose ideas counted more heavily than James's in the world of action. Influenced in part by such views and attitudes, I did not come to realize James's greatness as a philosopher until the late 1940s; and now, stimulated by Myers's rich and imposing work, I want to focus on some of

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James's philosophical views that I think deserve special emphasis today.

IN MY OPINION, James's greatest contribution was to lay special emphasis on the role of experience and of emotion in his reflections on the tasks of science, philosophy, and religion; and, as he grew older, to call more and more attention to the limitations of what he called intellectualism or rationalism. Yet in *Principles of Psychology*, James made many concessions to rationalism. He spoke there of abstract ideas or universals, such as redness and blueness as the meanings of the predicates "red" and "blue"; and he maintained that some statements, such as "No red thing is blue," may be seen to be true merely by inspecting these abstract ideas or meanings, and without observing concrete physical objects. Accordingly, he was in some parts of his writing a dualist who thought that there were two radically different kinds of truths, some of them a priori and necessary because they do not require testing by sensory experience, and others a posteriori and contingent because they do. The truths of pure mathematics, he often said, fall into the first group, whereas the truths of natural science fall into the other.

But there is an opposing strand of thought in James's *Pragmatism* (1907), a strand to which I think Myers pays insufficient attention. In some parts of *Pragmatism*, James adumbrated an epistemology that serves to undermine his own dualism of a priori and a posteriori truth, even though he subscribed to the very same dualism in other parts of the work. At one point in *Pragmatism* James observes that every individual who settles into a new opinion comes to it with a stock of old opinions, and that sometimes a new opinion will emerge after a new experience subjects the stock to a strain. The new experience means trouble for the inquirer, who tries to escape from it by modifying the stock. But, James continues, he does so by trying to change opinions that resist change variously. Some of them, James says, are held very firmly, and are abandoned late in the day if at all; others are more quickly surrendered.

When James speaks in this way, he seems to replace his sharp distinction of kind between a priori and a posteriori truth with a gradualistic distinction, or a distinction of degree. According to this sort of distinction, even the supposedly necessary and immutable truths of logic and pure mathematics cease to be necessary and immutable. To use James's own word, they are "plastic," in the sense of pliable; some of them are what he called "older truths," to which we remain loyal but which we may alter or surrender if the need to deal with the challenge of experience becomes pressing enough. According to this strand in James's philosophy, the process of coming to regard a new opinion as true is one in which we seek to find an opinion that will mediate between the old stock and the new experience; and in this process *any* belief in the old stock, even one in mathematics, logic, or metaphysics, is at the mercy of experience.

If we focus on this anti-dualistic element in James's wobbly thinking on this subject, we can see how he anticipated ideas advanced by philosophers in our own time who have attacked the positivistic distinction between analytic and synthetic truth. And if, in the same spirit, we emphasize that in his gradualistic moods James shied away from the idea that concepts have essences that are analyzed in so-called analytic statements, we may better appreciate why James sometimes insisted, as Myers points out, that his pragmatic theory of truth was not an effort to define the essence of truth, or to present the meaning of the word "true," but rather a "genetic" theory that specifies the motives that impel us to apply the word "true." If—in spite of some of James's own misleading words—we approach his theory of truth in this way, we can better understand why he regarded the believer as "a whole man" whose emotions play a part in deciding what beliefs to accept as true. When James says that a new experience will stimulate an individual to accept a belief that conveniently "marries" that new experience with a stock of old opinions, James construes the notion of new experience very broadly. Such an experience, he says, occurs when somebody contradicts the old opinions, or when the individual discovers in a reflective moment that they contradict each other, or when the individual "hears of facts with which they are incompatible," or when "desires arise in him which they cease to satisfy."

Note well that last clause about unsatisfied desires, since it is an opening wedge for emotion in James's views on science, metaphysics, and religion. When discussing the method of science, James says that if two new opinions or theories that accommodate a new sensory experience are equally compatible with our previous stock of beliefs, we may accept one

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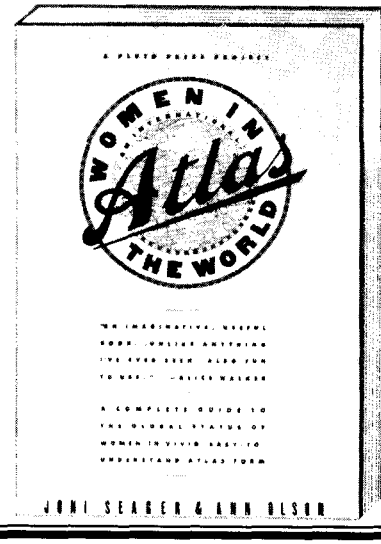

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of them simply because the other fails to satisfy our desire for elegance, simplicity, or economy. His inclusion of taste or elegance as a claimant in the process of deciding which of "two equally well-evidenced" opinions to accept could hardly have outraged students of scientific method among his readers. But James went much further. After noting the desire for scientific elegance in his discussion of the process of accepting beliefs, he militantly argued that all sorts of beliefs could be granted respectability under license of other emotions—chiefly certain metaphysical and religious beliefs that 19th-century positivists and agnostics such as Huxley and Clifford had sternly barred from entering the sacred precincts of science or its philosophy.

JAMES PUSHED HARD on this opening wedge as he pressed the claims of "the whole man within us." Probably the most brilliant example of his use of such pressure occurred in his discussion of free will after Renouvier had supposedly awakened him from his neurotic slumbers. James held that our choices are not determined, caused, or necessitated, but he did not think that he could defend his view by using sensory experience or logic alone. He regarded determinism and the belief in free will as two metaphysical opinions between which he had to choose—since he regarded them as incompatible—but he held that because neither logic nor sensory experience gave the palm to one of them, he had a right to rest his case for free will on desire, passion, and emotion.

James did not argue that indeterminism is a simpler theory than determinism, as he might have argued if he were choosing between two competing *scientific* theories. Rather, he confronted his reader with a vividly described murder, and boldly announced to Huxley, Clifford, and the friends that he would not refrain from condemning it simply because metaphysical determinism—which his rationalistic opponents regarded as immutable and a priori—asserted that the murderer's choice was determined from eternity, because every event has a cause, which has a cause, which has a cause, and so on forever. James vigorously denied that determinism had to be accepted in spite of clashing with what he felt as a moral right, or even obligation, to condemn the murderer's decision. He assumed that he could not morally condemn a determined decision, since he believed that condemning it presupposed that the choice need not have been made. Therefore he felt obliged to give up determinism, which was, in his view, not an immutable truth but a plastic opinion that could be abandoned in the face of an opposing feeling. By looking at the debate between determinism and indeterminism in this way, James tried to give the heart a powerful voice in a traditional metaphysical debate, a voice that he used throughout his life against those whom he regarded as rationalistic bullies.

James thus turned the tables on the bullies. He argued that determinism was deemed by them to be rational merely because it satisfied their desire for parsimony, for an economical and simple way of looking at the universe. It gave them relief, he said, merely because they felt the charm of believing that every event has a necessitating cause. But, James insisted, it relieved *him* to think that a wanton murder may be condemned, so why shouldn't he pit his desire to condemn the murder against the determinist's desire for simplicity? Once James construed the bout between himself and the determinist (or the advocate of what was called "uniformity of sequence") as a clash of desires, he thought that the issue could be seen for what it really was. That is why he wrote:

> If a certain formula for expressing the nature of the world violates my moral demand, I shall feel as free to throw it overboard, or at least to doubt it, as if it disappointed my demand for uniformity of sequence, for example; the one demand being, so far as I can see, quite as subjective and emotional as the other is.

Since I think that James's main philosophical contribution was to urge that we may follow the lead of emotion when logic or experience cannot decide between conflicting beliefs, I think it fair to ask whether he was correct in identifying the cases in which logic or experience cannot decide, the cases in which we may appeal to emotion or feeling. Few scientists would deny that they often cannot choose between competing theories on the basis of logic or sensory experience alone, and that in such cases they may, while they respect their feelings, choose the more elegant theory. Yet in spite of the long history of controversy about free will, and in spite of the failure of metaphysicians to agree on that subject after more than 20 centuries of debate, many still think that the issue can be settled in a knockdown way merely by logical analysis, and without appealing to moral feelings. I think that they are on the wrong track and that James was on the right one, not because I accept James's indeterminism but because I think he was right in urging that metaphysicians ought not decide whether to accept determinism without respecting the feeling that we have a right or an obligation to judge an act such as the Holocaust or the atom bombing of Japan. I happen to doubt that respect for this moral feeling will of itself spell decisive victory for the indeterminist. Still, like James, I think that this feeling is relevant in the debate between determinism and free will. Determinism, like any other plastic opinion, may be abandoned by one who thinks that certain moral feelings call for its abandonment. Moreover, this view of James's helps explain why so many philosophers have contended with each other for so long without reaching any consensus about free will. Once we recognize that the determinists and the indeterminists respectively rest their cases on different feelings that move them in opposing directions, we free ourselves, as James urged us to do, from a misconception of what the real issue is in this branch of metaphysics.

ON THE OTHER HAND, I do not think that James was equally successful when he appealed to feeling in theology, where he persistently pitted his emotional faith in the existence of God against the views of agnostics. His *Varieties of Religious Experience* (1902) is one of the greatest works ever written on the psychology of religious belief, but his philosophical arguments in defense of religious belief are distinctly inferior to his arguments in favor of free will. I have never been able to understand why James was so hard on Kant in *Varieties of Religious Experience*. James remarks on the strangeness of Kant's saying that we should believe, for practical reasons, in a God of which no one "can form any notion whatsoever"; James even goes so far as to refer to "this particularly uncouth part of [Kant's] philosophy." Now I certainly have no desire to defend Kant's theological views, but it seems to me that when James argues on practical grounds for the existence of an unseen, supernatural world "in which the riddles of the natural order may be found explained," he is not very different from Kant.

I hope it is clear, therefore, that I have not focused on James's antipathy to rationalism because I sympathize with all

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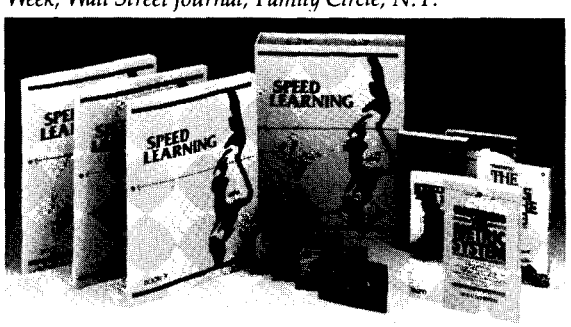

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manifestations of it in his thinking. Furthermore, as Myers rightly reminds us, James appears to hold that the philosopher, unlike the psychologist, is concerned to extract "the essence of consciousness," a task that seems to require no more than rational reflection on abstract concepts. Myers also points out that the radical empiricism advanced by James at the end of his life was an effort "to analyze consciousness in terms of a notion of neutral experience," and to show that "minds and bodies are reducible to pure experiences, both made of the same kind of stuff." Yet how can we explain James's adoption of this seemingly rationalistic view of the task of the philosopher, who is here supposed to extract "essences," to "analyze," and to "reduce" the notions of body and of mind to that of pure experience? Only by recognizing that James was not consistent on this fundamental philosophical issue. There are, as I have said, two opposing strands in his thinking: first, the rationalism that is present in his *Principles of Psychology* and even in parts of *Pragmatism*; and second, the anti-rationalism in *Pragmatism*—and in *A Pluralistic Universe* (1909)—that led him to say that in fixing our beliefs, we try to accommodate both our sensory experiences and our emotions without resting on any supraempirical insights into essences or meanings. I think that James's anti-rationalism represented him at his best. In attacking rationalism he espoused a gradualistic theory of knowledge that led him to deny that there was a gulf between the method of philosophy and the method of science, or between the method of philosophy and the method of thinking used in ordinary life.

JAMES'S INSISTENCE upon such epistemological continuity was intimately connected with his view of pragmatism as a democratic philosophy, as a philosophy that could be of service "in this real world of sweat and dirt." He was a whole man who philosophized not only about passion but with passion, while speaking out courageously on the political and social issues of his time. James was a Dreyfusard; he was sympathetic with the reforming muckrakers of his day; he was publicly concerned with the plight of minority groups, including American blacks and Jews; he spoke out bravely on the status of immigrants, the care of the insane, vivisection, imperialism, militarism, the Spanish-American War, and the annexation of the Philippines. He was, as Walter Lippmann said in 1910, the most tolerant man of his generation. And although he was often foolishly caricatured as a celebrant of American commercialism because he said "You must bring out of each word its practical cash-value, set it at work within the stream of your experience," he also complained about "the moral flabbiness born of the exclusive worship of the bitch-goddess SUCCESS." He was not a philosopher for yuppies, inside traders, or double-talking politicians; and it is very hard to read Myers's book in the sorry '80s of this century without being painfully aware of how many Americans, both young and old, have abandoned the moral ideals of this great thinker and good man, whose word "pragmatic" has been so debased by callous opportunists and demagogues. Yet it is also very hard to read William James without being encouraged to think that someday—and the sooner the better—the candor and generosity that he personified will be more honored than they are today.

MORTON WHITE

Morton White is a professor at the Institute for Advanced Study. He and his wife, Lucia White, have recently published *Journeys to the Japanese, 1952-1979* (University of British Columbia Press).

STRONG ENCHANTMENTS

The Complete Prose of Marianne Moore edited with an introduction by Patricia C. Willis

(Viking, 723 pp., $24.95)

November marked the beginning of Marianne Moore's centennial year. In her lifetime Moore was a "famous American poet." Those who read no poetry at all knew about the poet from Brooklyn who tossed out the first ball of the 1968 season at Yankee Stadium and who exchanged letters with the Ford Motor Company about naming the Edsel. The slim figure in long cape and tricorn hat graced the pages of *Life* and *Sports Illustrated*. But those who did read poetry often scorned this celebrity and the verbal theatricality of Moore's poems in the *New Yorker*.

But there is another, less well-known Marianne Moore, a poet admired by her contemporaries William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, and others, a poet whose importance lies not in her impact on American journalism but in the many ways she challenged and led forward an American literary modernism. As Eliot said in his introduction to her *Selected Poems*, Moore is one who did some service to the language of her time. *The Complete Prose of Marianne Moore* indicates precisely how broad, committed, and judicious that service was. Moore devoted a substantial portion of her career to writing essays and commentaries, interrupting poetry for many years while she edited *The Dial*. We now have the full record of her achievement.

Moore at her best (which by and large means before 1940) is a poet of wild decorum. She combines high civility with energy and inclusiveness, propriety with sincerity. This inevitably tense combination exemplifies a continuing American ambivalence about our European heritage and our native vitality. The Old World values of tradition and culture grow stale and superficial in excess; the new, frontier values of freedom and originality tend to become crude and rapacious. Moore's poetry situates itself at the center of this tension, presenting not compromise but a lively struggle toward an ideal fusion. In "Poetry," Moore describes her ideal poets as "literalists of the imagination." They will write a poetry in which art and nature are one, in which refinement and gusto are not at odds. "In the meantime," she writes,

> if you demand on the one hand,
> the raw material of poetry in
> all its rawness and
> that which is on the other hand
> genuine, you are interested in poetry.

Her animals (a jerboa, a pangolin, a paper nautilus) combine the virtues of freedom and restraint. Her poems join descriptive exuberance and epigrammatic tautness.

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This same combination of qualities—bold feeling and formal precision—characterizes the style and stance of Moore's prose. Here, in the collected prose, is a brave and ample commentary on an unprecedented range of subjects. There is nothing marginal about Moore's vision. She addresses the major concern of her time and her tradition: How should the imagination face the pressure of reality? But doctrine and dogma are antithetical to this mind enraptured by the particular. Her touchstone is always "strong enchantment"—in herself and in others—rather than any more impersonal concept of the modern.

EDITORSHIP OF *The Dial* from 1925 to 1929 provided Moore with an ideal platform from which to review not only the contemporary literary scene, but whatever might evoke or instance this strong enchantment. Though Moore was always "picking and choosing" and was never attracted to a naive populism, she still resisted hierarchies. Just as her poems take up with equal vigor the topics of a desert rat and a painting by Dürer, so in the prose she is open to non-traditional and non-literary subjects. She celebrates the art of dressing well with as much passion as the art of writing well. Fine language catches her attention in the poems of T. S. Eliot, in the speeches of Abraham Lincoln, or in a guide to gardening. She can be "prepossessed by the impassioned explicitness" of a letter from the Federal Reserve Board and marvel at the lacework of a peacock's tail or the cursive ease of a Robert Andrew Parker drawing. Though she naturally comments most often on poetry, her reflections extend to the other arts, to living in Brooklyn, to visiting the zoo, to being 16. The world, for Moore, is a display of spiritual values; and those values are not "confined to one locality." Her models for prose (as for poetry) are less often the polemical writings of contemporaries than the reflective essays of 17th-century writers such as Francis Bacon, Isaak Walton, Thomas Browne, and Robert Burton, for whom any natural or cultural phenomenon afforded an occasion for moral and aesthetic commentary.

Though her writing appeared in a variety of contexts (not only in *The Dial*, *Poetry*, and other literary magazines, but in *Harper's*, the *Nation*, *Mademoiselle*), Moore did not adjust that style significantly to suit the genre or the occasion. The writing is always inimitably hers, a patchwork of quotations backstitched with dexterous indirections and digressions to the fineness and patterning of brocade. Double negatives, circumlocutions, strings of dependent clauses give this writing a decidedly baroque look, despite Moore's espousal of the plain style. And her felicity with metaphor is as apparent in the prose as in the poetry: metaphors dropped casually on a meandering discursive path have a concentrating power. Her fondness for animal metaphors in describing her favorite poets recalls the aesthetic virtues she endorses in her famous poetic menagerie: Eliot "moves troutlike through a variety of foreign objects"; Cummings "settling like a man-o-war bird . . . shapes the progress of poems as if it were substance."

Moore's compendium of natural and technological fact, so apparent in the poems, provided her with ready analogies for the experience of art, with ways of coping with the difficulty and unfamiliarity of the new. On reading Gertrude Stein: "One is abashed not to have understood instantly; as water may not seem transparent to the observer but has a perspicuous opacity in which the fish swims with ease." Or on Williams's po-

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etry: "The compressed fire in his work makes one think of the blaze in the blacksmith's forge, permeating dull iron until the metal gradually shows a clear red." Moore's metaphors function as part of her more profound talent for condensing the virtues of a subject into a sentence or two.

After all the deferential strategies, these essays depend finally on a concentrated voice that disarms the reader with its authority. Defending Emily Dickinson, Moore writes:

> A certain buoyancy that creates an effect of inconsequent bravado—a sense of drama with which we may not be quite at home—was for her a part of that expansion of breath necessary to existence; and unless it is conceited for the hummingbird or the osprey to not behave like a chicken, one does not find her conceited.

Writing of Henry James she suggests closer affinities to her own imagination: "Idealism which was willing to make sacrifices for its self-preservation was always an element in the conjuring wand of Henry James. . . . [He] seems to have been haunted by awareness that rapacity destroys what it is successful in acquiring."

THE READER LOOKING in these essays for clues to Moore's poems will not be rewarded with any lengthy discourse on poetics. The writing reveals by example, displaying the same predilections and employing many of the same strategies as the poems. Indeed, if poetry is prose with a higher consciousness, the level of consciousness in these essays is sufficiently subtle and intense to elude the careless reader with its "feigned inconsequence of manner." But as Kenneth Burke, one of Moore's best and earliest reviewers, argued, "when she quotes in her special way of quoting, we see her carving a text out of a text, much like carving a personal life out of life in general." Moore's essays, like her poems, use quotation beyond any familiar standard of evidence or exposition. But these quotations are part of her principle of economy, for while attending to some specific, often technical aspect of a quotation, Moore appropriates its statement.

The essay "Humility, Concentration and Gusto" is the most dramatic example of this concentrated indirection. Nowhere in the essay does Moore define explicitly the terms the title lists or invoke their traditions (in Herbert, for instance, and in Hazlitt). But the examples she chooses not only demonstrate, but often contain in their statements, clues to definition. As the essay develops, humility is redefined as sincerity, concentration as ambiguity, and gusto as impassioned explicitness. Although these qualities are identified, against standards of rhetoric and decorum, with apparent defects or oddities, they mark the presence of strong enchantment, and make a place for the genuine.

Thus William Cowper's "The Snail," quoted in full, is prefaced only with the observation that it is "a thing of gusto although the poem has been dismissed as mere description." Why Moore considers it a thing of gusto is left to inference. Undoubtedly she admired the precise rhyme and meter, broken by the isolated last line. Here the form echoes the sense, suggesting a personal interest in the subject of inhibition and solitude. But the real "gusto" of the poem, judging from the context of other quotations in which it is set, is the suggestion of self-reference that avoids self-display. The poem ends:

> Who seeks him must be worse than blind,
> He and his house are so combined,
> If finding it, he fails to find
> Its master.

Moore's own poem "To a Snail" similarly speaks of itself. It begins: "If 'compression is the first grace of style'/you have it." As in Cowper, the gusto of the poem depends upon a text that both hides and discloses the author's presence.

THOUGH MOORE was not a writer of critical manifestos, she became a tastemaker by the energy of her predilections. Her collected prose, not only during the years at *The Dial* but before and after them, offers one of the fullest assessments of the poetry of her time. It follows the careers of the major modernists through a period of 50 years. Stevens and Williams present two of the most complete cases of Moore's investment in the work of her contemporaries, and the most interesting cases of the poet defining her own sympathies and precepts through the evaluation of others.

Despite her "capacity for fact," it is Wallace Stevens, the supreme fiction maker, who wins Moore's most unqualified praise. Moore was one of the first to recognize a prodigious talent at work in *Harmonium*, and her 1924 review "Well Moused, Lion" suggests that she found in Stevens a kindred attraction toward the exotic and an ideal of power and re-

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straint. She emphasizes the "riot of gorgeousness in which Mr. Stevens' imagination takes refuge," a gorgeousness Moore herself indulges in so often, as in her obviously Stevensian poem "The Plumet Basilisk" of 1932, about a creature who "takes refuge" in a jungle landscape that recalls *Harmonium*. Stevens also appealed to her as a poet of aural harmonies counteracting the visual riot of his imagery, as a poet responsible, for all his rage, to the higher orders of art. But Stevens compels her attention as much by his moral and philosophical as by his aesthetic power, especially since these are presented as aspects of each other in his later work. Moore describes the early Stevens as "a mind oppressed by the properties of the world which it is expert in manipulating"; but much later, reviewing *Auroras of Autumn*, she observes that "poetry substitutes for poverty, abundance, a spiritual happiness in which the intangible is more real than the visible and earth is innocent." Those who think of Moore as a literalist rather than a "literalist of the imagination" may be surprised at her delight in such substitutions.

SIMILARLY, Moore's reviews of Williams, committed as they are to his courage and authenticity as a poet, contain many reservations about the presentation of uncensored, untransformed material in poetry, about the revolt against poetic tradition and decorum:

> Despite Dr. Williams' championing of the school of ignorance, or rather of no school but experience, there is in his work the authoritativeness, the wise silence which knows schools and fashions well enough to know that completeness is further down than professional intellectuality and modishness can go. . . . William Carlos Williams objects to urbanity, to sleek and natty effects, and this is a good sign if not always a good thing.

At the same time she recognized that Williams's uncompromising passion for the new, for the texture of the unaltered real, was an essential aspect of his poetic power. "Struggle is a main force in William Carlos Williams. And the breathless budding of thought from thought is one of the results and charms of the pressure configured." Moore's comments on Stevens and Williams remind us how decidedly transformed Moore's "real toads" are in the imaginary gardens she arranges for them. Repeatedly the essays in this volume ask the question "Is the real the actual?" And they settle, with-

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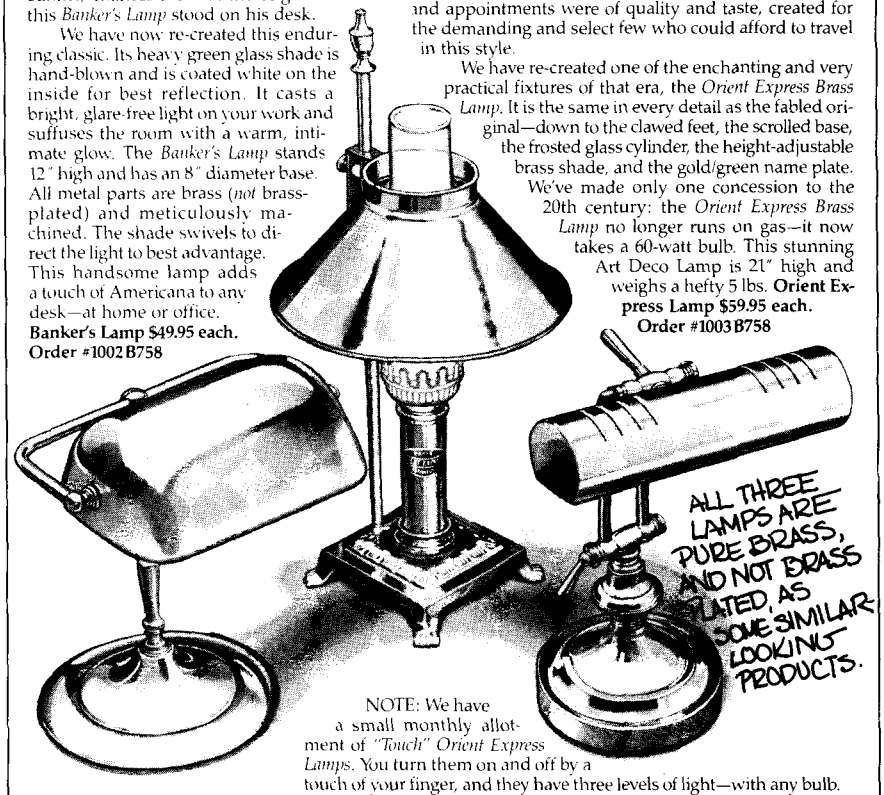

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out belying their acclaim of accuracy and particularity, on an Emersonian priority of spirit: "A reverence for mystery is not a vague, invertebrate thing. The realm of the spirit is the only realm in which experience is able to corroborate the fact that the real can also be the actual." The fabulists, the conjurers, who transpose the textures of the real onto the imagined, most often delight her.

ON ALL their topics Moore's essays pursue an integration of moral and aesthetic categories. "Contractility is a virtue / as modesty is a virtue" she writes in "To a Snail," and she continues the theme in the essays. She sees the ethical in the technical, and vice versa. This identification of aesthetic and moral categories has a neoclassical flavor, and Moore's strong sense of decorum does sometimes hark back to a gentler age. One of Moore's master values was propriety, enlarged from our common usage to "a tuned reticence with rigor / from strength at the source." She admired what she called Kenneth Burke's "master-maxim": "Truth in art is not discovery of facts or addition to knowledge, it is the exercise of propriety." And she measured his and others' achievements by this maxim. A poet of tremendous aesthetic courage, she was a bold, but never indiscriminate, supporter of the new. Thus, reviewing the literary scene in 1936, she complains: "Judged by our experimental writing, we are suffering today from unchastity, sadism, blasphemy, and rain-soaked foppishness." But she never calculated achievement by an impersonal standard of correctness. On the contrary, she repeatedly showed her sympathy for oddity or deviation driven by "strong enchantment." In "Feeling and Precision," she admits that "feeling at its deepest—as we all have reason to know—tends to be inarticulate."

Moore singles out for praise all those instances in which "the inevitable warfare between imagination and medium" has led to a final grace. Resisting polemics in herself, she was able to embrace a striking range of achievement. "Hostile though specific theories may be and riotous as the artist may sometimes seem in his attitude toward the existing body of art," she says in one of her *Dial* comments, "in so far as a thing is really a work of art it confirms other works of art."

The breadth and the depth of this collection make it clear that the writing of essays was an integral part of Moore's career, not just an occasional supplement to the writing of poems. (The book includes Moore's several experiments in narrative as well, but these are more anecdotal than fictive, and often shape themselves around a discursive idea.) Her achievement in prose, as in poetry, is marked by an idiosyncrasy that is no barrier to profundity, by a personal predilection that carries the authority of measured judgment. Modernism was for Moore less a set of precepts or formal strategies than a responsibility to seek out and perpetuate the genuine. Her extraordinary essays meet that responsibility.

BONNIE COSTELLO

Bonnie Costello is associate professor of English at Boston University and the author of *Marianne Moore: Imaginary Possessions* (Harvard University Press).

BETTER THAN RECEIVING

The Golden Donors: A New Anatomy of the Great Foundations by Waldemar A. Nielsen

(Dutton, 468 pp., $25)

Private philanthropy in America has developed over the course of this century into a monstrous, elaborately organized enterprise. Before the passage of the 16th Amendment in 1912 and the subsequent legislation of income and estate tax laws, philanthropy depended on individuals impelled by a sense of religious duty, guilt, admiration, and idealism, if not often a desire for fame and immortality. Now it is dominated by high-pressure techniques, the shrewd use of direct-mail gimmicks, advertising, and a new class of professionals in the field of "development" (as fund-raising is now euphemistically called). These professionals and their tricks have become costly but essential items in the budget of every advocacy group, hospital, museum, and university. Although most of the money raised in America is still given by individuals, individuals have lost control of the world of philanthropy.

The introduction of the charitable deduction into the tax code made a seemingly counterintuitive act (giving money away without an economic return) appear rational. It generalized the act of donation, secularized it (by legitimating the range of potential recipients well beyond religious institutions), and democratized it. Anyone earning enough to pay income taxes was aware that he or she could divert money from the government to private charities.

The tax code also permitted the creation of non-operating foundations, tax-exempt organizations to which one could not only divert money each year but also will one's entire estate. Since 1912 the roster of great foundations has continued to grow, offering a mirror image of the shifting directions of industrial and commercial progress in America. The Carnegie Corporation, the Rockefeller Foundation, the Ford Foundation, the Lilly Endowment, the Kresge Foundation, the Johnson Foundation, the MacArthur Foundation, the Howard Hughes Institute, the Gannett Foundation, and the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation are just a few of the major concentrations of philanthropic capital created through the wills of industrial giants with wealth derived from automobiles, railroads, steel and coal, oil, pharmaceuticals, insurance, retailing, real estate, journalism, aerospace, and cosmetics.

Today the 37 largest foundations (out of a total of 22,000) have assets ranging from $5.2 billion and $3.5 billion (at Hughes and Ford respectively, both sums larger than any university endowment) to a mere $250 million (at William Randolph Hearst). Collectively they possess over $27 billion out of the approximately $55 billion in assets owned by all foundations in America. These 37 give about $2 billion away each year. The beneficiaries are usually those that in other Western countries are financed overwhelmingly by government: the arts, higher education, health, scientific research, and social welfare

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programs.

Long an unusually prominent force in American social and cultural life, private charities have recently experienced a philosophical and problematic political renaissance. For all the virtues of private giving, charity among the rich and well-to-do is still an exceptional act, not a habit. The potential of voluntary giving can perhaps be measured best by realizing that the surplus wealth Howard Hughes accumulated in his lifetime was greater than the size of the endowment that Harvard, our richest private institution, accumulated from loyal alumni and friends over the course of 350 years. With President Reagan's call to replace governmental support with private giving and volunteerism, the organizations of private philanthropy (particularly the large foundations) have suddenly been faced with unrealistic demands to satisfy expectations for basic services and benefits once supported by federal money: scholarships, funds for the disadvantaged, legal aid, aid to dependent children, increased support for medical and scientific research, and, after the creation of the National Endowments for the Humanities and the Arts in the 1960s, support for cultural institutions and scholarly activities. This has put foundations in a tough predicament, accustomed as they have become since World War II to starting projects, not sustaining them, and to supplementing the work of charitable institutions and guiding the direction of public policy.

The recent turmoil marks the second crisis in the direction of foundation activities in recent years. In the late 1960s, a sense that philanthropic foundations were exerting an undue liberal influence on our lives (or merely depriving the government of revenue for no good reason) led to extensive congressional scrutiny of the foundation world. Was seemingly political and partisan advocacy in matters of public policy compatible with tax exempt status? The Patman Reform Act of 1969 emerged out of hearings that aired a good deal of public resentment. Most of the reforms were salutary (though the recent rise of conservative foundations actively supporting the Reagan administration's agenda—the Scaife, John M. Olin, Heritage, and Smith Richardson foundations are the best known—suggests how limited the success of "depoliticization" has been). The legislation merely increased the regulation of foundations without destroying their freedom of activity. Foundations were forced to disperse a certain percentage of their assets and income annually; and they were prevented from operating businesses and from serving as little more than elaborate tax dodges.

WHAT ARE suitable expectations for the work of foundations? And what limitations should be imposed on this work? In his book Waldemar A. Nielsen tries to address these central questions as he surveys the foundation world. He characterizes and critically evaluates the large foundations. He outlines what they ought to be doing, given the shift in federal policies and the general political climate since the mid-1970s. But *The Golden Donors* is, unfortunately, an awful book. It is written by someone who is himself a creature of this special milieu. Nielsen is billed as "a leading consultant on philanthropy" who has advised a Rockefeller, a Getty, and Robert O. Anderson of Atlantic Richfield, and who has almost made a career of writing about foundations.

Nielsen would like the reader to believe that his book is a candid exposé and a critical blueprint. Rather than the objective and synthetic overview he intends, however, the book itself reveals many symptoms of the problems of the culture of foundation life. Like many in the foundation world, Nielsen is a zealous promoter of professionalism; he looks down on the simple tastes and prejudices of a foundation's original donors or lay trustees. He rankles at the presumption of a rich individual who seeks to determine where and to whom money should be given without much ado: wealth is itself not a sufficient basis for authority. Nielsen devotes a good deal of attention to exposing the personalities, habits, and family intrigues of the very rich. He repeats legends, familiar anecdotes, and platitudes about men such as William Randolph Hearst, W. L. Moody Jr., and Alfred P. Sloan, and rehashes near-libelous gossip about the Keck family. He uses his book to air, quite selectively, the dirty linen of the professional foundation world. He recounts in detail the struggle between Rod MacArthur and his fellow board members and the dismissal of longtime Ford staffers by Franklin Thomas. We are treated to behind-closed-doors sagas of the staffing of the Pew and Clark foundations and of dissent among unidentified Rockefeller trustees.

But Nielsen is disingenuous. This is not the evenhanded debunking candor it seems. Nielsen has vested interests and vendettas in the intricate politics of the

OUR HERO

The corpse on the operating table shakes itself back to life.
"We knew we had three wishes only
And had to save up the third
In case we goofed with the other two
And needed to become children again."
Our hero refuses to understand, though prodded by
A blind man with a revolver in his hand.

Our hero, who wasn't always a hero, lives
In despair, but pretends not to care.
He disagrees with reality. That is his right,
And he has scars to prove it. Switch off the light
And he will follow the slowest most voluptuous curve
Between any two stars, elaborating the distance
Before spanning it in a leap of forgetfulness.

The note he left in invisible ink was held to the light
Two days too late. Yet he survives the cause of his distress,
Lifts his former bride, still in her wedding dress,
And declares the weight, by a miracle of logic,
To agree with the dictionary definition of time.
Merely to have carried it was a moral action,
However futile, whatever the merits of the fiction.

DAVID LEHMAN

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foundation world that perhaps only an insider can sense. For example, he is mercilessly critical of the late John Knowles and is disparaging of the current staff of the Rockefeller Foundation, accusing its members of "slouching toward senility." In an effort to curry favor with Ford, he tries clumsily to avoid saying anything too consistently offensive about either McGeorge Bundy or Franklin Thomas, although he cannot refrain from repeating quite nasty information about them both. He heaps vitriol on some, but in other cases, for example that of the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation, he finds no fault at all.

NIELSEN'S own prescription is professionalism, and more professionalism. He wants more reports, more innovation, more social activism. He wants the great foundations to be "interactive" rather than "purely reactive," and to formulate "postures" toward government policy in search of the "maximum feasible function" of a foundation. He makes a series of smaller recommendations—calling for more data, more talk so that "voluntarism, diversity, compassion, fairness, creativity, and freedom" can be sustained. He seems not to like foundations that are simple and straightforward and give large grants regularly to the same causes. He disapproves of foundations that fail to invent their own programs or that avoid the arrogant posture of telling those in the field what they ought to be doing. He likes the idea that foundations push and shove the world outside in the direction that their wise, prophetic staffs deem critical. "In the matter of foundation governance, as with genital herpes," Nielsen sums up unfelicitously, "it is clear that a serious problem exists, but how to treat it, even how to define it, is not yet known."

Yet it is possible to define the problem more clearly than Nielsen has, though this means examining the implications of the "professionalism" he praises so profusely. The power of the great foundations extends well beyond the size of their grants. They not only underwrite activities, they legitimate projects and validate organizations. A grant from a major foundation, such as Mellon or Carnegie, constitutes a highly visible and prestigious "Good Housekeeping" seal. Granters and would-be grantees alike take note, copying both style and substance. Meanwhile, the lucky recipient can look forward to more grants down the road, for one grant under the belt is the best qualification for getting another.

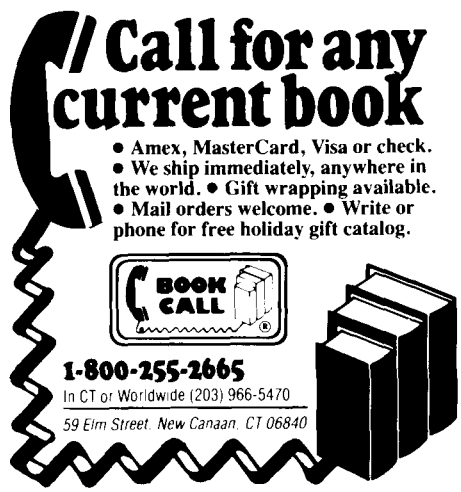
After all, when a great foundation—which maintains a large staff and writes extensive reports and studies—makes a grant, surely it has done more than express an opinion or exercise taste. It has been scientific. It has duly researched, evaluated, and conducted the moral equivalent of what in the world of scholarship is termed "peer review." Unlike the sentimental alumnus, the grateful local-citizen-made-good, the devout member of the body faithful, or the unabashed partisan, the large foundations like to give the impression that they are above subjectivity, prejudice, and whim. A good deal of their influence over the flow of philanthropy depends on maintaining that facade.

In reality, the claims to objectivity on the part of foundations are often complex rationalizations for highly subjective choices. The publication by the major foundations of reports, procedures, criteria, and guidelines has led to an exaggerated impression of institutional fairness. Any experienced seeker of funds knows that, just as with potential individual donors, merit is not all that counts with major foundations. A savvy petitioner still engages in personal "cultivation" (or otherwise gets a sense of what the foundation really wants), exploits or nurtures ties to staff or trustees, and then tailors requests not necessarily to actual needs but to a sense of what the professional staff of the foundation wants to fund. In short, the process is usually not so different from raising money from ordinary people who make little claim to fairness and extensive scrutiny.

THE PATTERNS and trendsetting influence of the major large foundations—not to mention their size and visibility—have spawned a parallel industry of proposal writers and development consultants among the grant seekers. A Byzantine ritual of begging has come into being, the result of which is a sequence of paper exchanges, starting with letters of inquiry and encouragement or refusal, and leading to proposals, revisions, reports, and evaluations. Most are written in the most egregious jargon of circumlocution, exaggeration, and self-aggrandizing piety and invention. Novelty, national significance, "replicability," impact, and dissemination are among the qualities applicants must evoke in their requests.

The tragedy is that not-for-profit institutions seeking grants can spend more than one-third of a potential grant just asking for it and justifying it. Since the ratio between grants asked for and grants received may be as high as 10-to-1, institutions end up spending precious time and money to get less assistance than a grant announcement might imply.

The defense of this professionalized process of asking and giving has been



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that it encourages change and innovation. But the bureaucratization of giving has often led to the narrowing of vision and courage. Among potential recipients, the eagerness to receive large foundation support has led frequently to the reverse of what the foundations overtly seek to encourage. Imitation and the elaborate repackaging of conventional wisdom as novelty have become habitual. In no other sector of presumably intelligent activity have language and the notion of a new idea been so systematically forsaken or polluted.

BUT THE problem is hardly limited to how and to whom money is given. Few if any of the major foundations choose to give enough basic support to existing charitable institutions to sustain them. At best, they provide specific supplemental programs. This has led to a rage, at all levels and from all types of donors, for the new, the special, the extra item needing support. Fewer and fewer individuals, foundations, or corporations seem content to support directly the basic purposes of not-for-profit institutions—teaching, caring for the sick, supporting artists, underwriting research.

The largest foundations, with some notable exceptions such as Mellon and Pew, are not content simply to give money to others. For example, Ford, Carnegie, and Rockefeller have consistently sponsored studies and issued reports under their own aegis intended to shape social legislation, foreign policy, public opinion, and the administration of justice. Yesterday the rage was poverty, disease in the underdeveloped world, and the education of the poor and minorities. Today, the leading concerns may be the environment, the humanities, and the nuclear threat.

Though they are eager to study that which needs fixing, foundations are not necessarily as interested in helping to fix it. For example, the blue and white volumes issued by the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, a massive project, continue to gather dust on the shelves of every college administrator. But the resources needed to implement the still-relevant findings of the Carnegie study are no longer one of the priorities of the largest foundations. Has the Rockefeller Foundation followed up on its humanities report with support commensurate with the time, publicity, and recognition the report generated?

Foundations are essentially static organizations. If they grow, the growth has nothing to do with the staff. There is little room for entrepreneurship beyond shifting the use of a fixed or slightly changing pot of gold. Moreover, in the large foundations, the curious twist is that professionals and trustees use money someone else earned. Their desire for elaborate justifications of their decisions may reflect their hesitancy to make the kind of capricious choices the original donor had no difficulty with; or it may camouflage career ambitions. In any event, the pace is leisurely, the pay often handsome; the offices are plush; the spirit is insular—all in striking contrast to the conditions experienced, especially now, by those in search of support. There is less of a sense of urgency than the growing impact of federal budget cuts demands. Foundation officers are to the not-for-profit world what conservative bankers are to industry and commerce. They are relegated to being observers of the travail and success of others. They are, at best, catalysts.

Yet despite their flaws, the great foundations have been strong and independent forces that have contributed significantly to research, medicine, education, public policy, and the arts. They are an indispensable part of American life and culture. In addition to acknowledging their problems, we need to ask questions about solutions. How can we strike a proper balance between private philanthropy and government and avoid too much government control? How can prejudice and taste be legitimated and acknowledged, thereby eliminating the deceptive need to render philanthropy "professional" and seemingly "objective" when it rarely is? Finally, how can we restore the human directness, individuality, courage, and simplicity inherent in philanthropy? It's time to rescue a fundamental impulse of humanity (however inadvertent or unintended it sometimes is) from the smug bureaucracies and tiresome rituals that now characterize the foundations and the world of philanthropy they dominate.

LEON BOTSTEIN

Leon Botstein is the president of Bard College.

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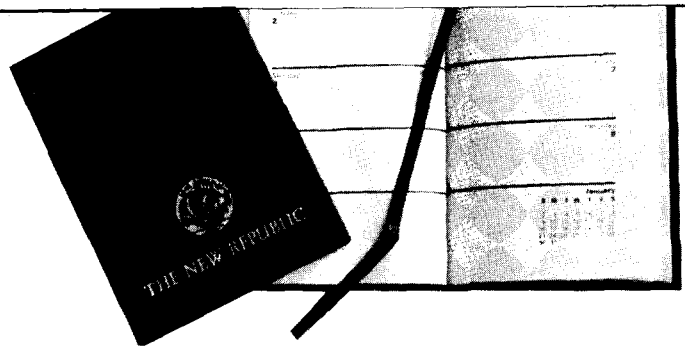
CORRECTION:

Because of a technical error, the following portion of Eugene Genovese's review of The Rise of the Counter-Establishment: From Conservative Ideology to Political Power *by Sidney Blumenthal was omitted from page 34 of the December 15 issue of* TNR.

. . . Blumenthal does not consider the possibility that the defeat of this [neoconservative] right may well bring forward a much harder and more radical right, with serious political prospects.

The right-wing movement in America includes a wide range of ideologies and their imperfectly corresponding constituencies. We may begin with the Burkean traditionalists, whom Blumenthal (like most liberal and left critics) slights, but who have set the moral tone for genuine conservatives. In particular, their Southern contingent, which descends most directly from the Agrarians and Richard Weaver, has always been intellectually impressive. Today, with the work of M. E. Bradford and the journal *Southern Partisan*, it has established a political base of indeterminate but clearly not trivial proportions. The Northern contingent has always had a strong dose of high Romanism, but in addition to Stephen Tonsor and other Catholics, it has included Russell Kirk and such younger scholars as Paul Gottfried. Together, the traditionalists and the Straussians, whose influence in the universities remains limited but noteworthy, constitute an impressive array of educators, many of whom are scholars and teachers of a high order.

In "practical" politics the traditionalists do not seem to have many divisions (but then neither does the pope). Their view of the world is also rather more ugly than the neoconservatives'. Still, they may have their ears closer to the ground (or to certain critical parts of the ground) than any other section of the right today, except the New Rightists with whom, however paradoxically, they are most likely to share a mass political constituency. Philosophically serious, they focus primarily on social rather than economic issues, and they have been remarkably successful, especially in the South, in combining determined anti-egalitarianism with populism. It should be warning enough that a free marketeer like Lewis Lehrman recently opened fire on abortion with arguments straight out of the traditionalists' arsenal, and with contempt for those who



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think that man lives by bread alone.

Blumenthal, in slighting the traditionalists, resorts to unworthy intellectual gyrations. He begins well enough by noticing the pioneering efforts of Richard Weaver, who deserves to rank among our foremost social critics, but that is about as far as his appreciation of conservative thought takes him. Thus he caricatures Russell Kirk as a neofeudalist, and comes close to doing the same to Edmund Burke. Burkean conservatism, it seems, may be reduced to an intransigent defense of the status quo—which might go down hard with the ghost of the man who delivered the great speech "On Conciliation with America." I suppose that much depends upon how one defines the status quo, but those who would understand the viewpoint of serious conservatives will have to read their books, not Blumenthal's.

THERE ARE modernists, too, on the right. I do not know what else to call those who espouse the gospel of unlimited opportunity, of upward and onward progress. Curiously, the neoconservatives, who have developed a more somber view of human nature, are generally allied with them politically. Blumenthal is especially sharp in placing Reagan in the modernist or, as it were, the progressive camp, and thereby measuring his distance from a recognizable conservatism.

The modernists descend from Adam Smith, although the author of *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* might sit uncomfortably with most of them. Notwithstanding important differences among themselves over economic policy, they are struggling to restore—more accurately, to create—a free market. Blumenthal soberly traces the strains in their camp and estimates their prospects. He exposes their essential radicalism, which has repelled the chief executive officers of the older corporations and deeply worried the feeble remnants of the Republican old guard. So long as Reagan's economic policies appear to work—so long as inflation and unemployment rates do not rise to unacceptable levels—the CEOs and the Republican old guard will probably hold steady. But their defection could occur at any time if the economy slumps badly.

Indeed, if the Democrats return to power as militant anti-Sovieteers, and if they are forgiving in their dispensation of patronage, the return of the neoconservatives to the Democratic Party will shock nobody, least of all the traditionalist conservatives. Irving Kristol is quoted as having astutely observed that the supply-side gamble had better work if conservatism—as he defines it—expects to survive as something more than poetry and literary criticism. He did not add, so far as I know, that if it, along with the larger Reagan program, fails, the road to power may be thrown open to a different kind of "conservatism" that even he might not enjoy.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY, above all others, deserves credit for having forged a generally principled alliance among the various right-wing tendencies, no doubt in part because he genuinely sees no contradiction between the social values of the traditionalists and radical free market economics. Blumenthal treats Buckley and *National Review* with a measure of respect, but again he hurries on to the ostensibly more important neoconservatives and economists. Ever since Buckley's youthful *God and Man at Yale*, he has preached traditional values and assaulted the legacy of the Enlightenment while embracing the material fruits of the modern world. For him Christian freedom and the bourgeois freedoms associated with the market are of a piece. Not identical, but more than just compatible: in the modern world the free market provides the necessary agency for guaranteeing the individual liberty that the traditionalists counterpose to egalitarianism and therefore, in their eyes, to tyranny.

So long as the traditionalists can be made to swallow Buckley's sanguine view of the market, everything should be fine within the movement, since they share the modernists' aversion to the concentration of national-state power. The modernists, for their part, are more than ready to swallow state intervention in order to curb the cultural anarchy that an unrestricted market can generate. Having already sloughed off many of their libertarians, they are prepared to suppress, say, pornography and abortion. But the traditionalists will suppress their doubts about the market only so long as it works. Whereas the modernists interpret every sign of economic failure as evidence that the market is not yet free enough, the traditionalists' patience is limited and their economic faith is weak. True, their deep distrust of state intervention restrains them, but it is not likely to restrain the populist right-wingers to whom they must direct their primary social appeals.

Blumenthal, especially in his last chapter, effectively probes some of the fissures in the right-wing movement, and he plausibly suggests that the departure of President Reagan may well signal a civil war within the right. But he focuses narrowly on such controversies as those between the neoconservatives and the older free market types and between the supply-siders and the monetarists. He makes acute but brief observations on the strains between the Counter-Establishment and the right's popular base, which he suddenly notices. On balance he gravely slights the intellectual quality that the traditionalists can offer a popular revolt against the Counter-Establishment itself.

The deep splits on the right may well expand into chasms. The same danger has faced all great political coalitions, including the New Deal and the New Frontier; it will face any new coalition of the center-left, too. Of course occupancy of the seat of national power goes a long way toward holding unwieldy coalitions together, and those who oppose the right are not likely to get very far if their best suit is their opponent's internal troubles. The Southern traditionalists are complaining bitterly about having been shut out of the Reagan administration, but their loyalty to Reagan personally remains unshakable. They may defect from the Republican Party if Bush or Dole is nominated, though even then some attention and loving care could keep them in line. And if they do defect, they will almost certainly do so in tandem with the New Right, which has the potential for mounting a serious challenge. One way or another, the right, broadly understood, is not about to wither.

BEFORE liberals and leftists complacently cheer the brewing revolt within the right, however, they would do well to reflect on the possible consequences. When Ronald Reagan came to power, *National Review* warned that the failure of his program would probably lead not to a swing to the left, but to sections of the right less respectful of democracy and individual rights and with a penchant for violence. Those who dismiss the warning as a self-serving scare tactic would do well to ponder Kevin Phillips's sober analysis of the phenomenon. Phillips, unlike Blumenthal, analyzes ideological trends in relation to shifts in population and class power. He

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also pays close attention to race relations and their political impact—subjects Blumenthal ignores—and he measures roughly the potential mass base for a militant and extremist right-wing movement unwedded to market economics and constitutional scruples.

The traditionalist intellectuals are far from being fascists who expect their time to come. To the contrary, their commitment to constitutional liberties and loathing of totalitarianism run deep. I am not prepared to bet the farm, but if a genuinely fascist movement or a reasonable facsimile emerges in this country, I would expect many of the traditionalists, including and even especially the Southerners, to be in the forefront of the opposition. Still, if they are capable of providing intellectual leadership to a popular revolt from the right, they do not appear remotely capable of controlling the forces they are helping to unleash. In this sense we may well slight them strategically, but woe unto those who do not take full account of them tactically.

The traditionalists and vast numbers of Americans are mounting a rebellion. This rebellion, in many ways salutary if in some ways alarming, is directed against the countercultural disorder that has raged since the 1960s and that, however absurdly, became identified with left-wing politics. Ordinary Americans who saw the counterculture as an Establishment product telescoped too much, but they were closer to the truth than the self-proclaimed social theorists whose "critical criticism" raised the counterculture to vast revolutionary heights. In any case, the Establishment owns the counterculture today. At least some of the conservative intellectuals know very well that the dynamics of contemporary capitalism, not the "liberal media" and "permissive courts," is at issue. . . .

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

stad decided to play the barnyard rube trying to impress the city slicker reporters with just the kind of stories they expect to come from Iowa.

What Branstad should have talked about, but which he cannot admit as a Republican, is that Iowa still suffers from the Reagan "recovery" and the disastrous farm bills produced in Washington. Under Branstad, Iowa has continued its role as an exporting state. We export food, we export educated young people, and we export jobs. Unfortunately, we do not export governors.

DUNCAN STEWART
New Haven, Connecticut

GELSEY BARRE NONE

To the editors:

Eva Resnikova's review of Gelsey Kirkland's book *Dancing on My Grave* ("Giselle's Revenge," November 24) is an indictment of the dancer and her attempt to portray her personal and artistic struggle. The book can certainly be faulted for its obsessive, belabored style, and Kirkland is not the most sympathetic character. Resnikova may find the ballerina "self-centered, narcissistic, and pompous." But doesn't the dancer have a right to her vision of choreographic merit? Or is everyone who is not enamored of Balanchine's works to be considered "bizarre if not delusional" in her thinking? If the dancer could sink so low and yet pull herself up again, she deserves some congratulations. And though other young dancers may not be having "their lips injected with silicone or their earlobes lopped off, as she did," they are experiencing other difficulties on stage and off, and will be able to identify with Kirkland and perhaps reach out for help themselves.

WENDY KAHN
New York, New York

PARDON OUR FRENCH

To the editors:

You write such a civilized journal that it is a shame to have it marred by blunders in French. In one issue (December 15) appear the following mistakes: "autres temps, autres mores" should be "autres temps, autres moeurs"(page 10); "contre le faim" should be "contre la faim" (page 14); Gerard Depardieu should be Gérard Depardieu (page 22).

Since your journal is widely read and respected in France, why don't you have each issue proofread by one really familiar with both tongues?

JOSEPH WINSTON
New York, New York

Editors' note:

Contributing further to the decline of civilization, "de rigueur" was also misspelled in the December 22 TRB.

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LONDON DIARIST

Scandals

THE BRITS HAVE BEEN having their own scandals, while experiencing ours from a distance as well. They call ours "Iragua." The Tories (and the friendly types among the middle-of-the-road Social Democrats) have been watching aghast as the erosion of Reaganite confidence and confidence in Reagan further erodes the Western alliance. Labour is rather more pleased by the mortification of the Americans, hoping that Maggie Thatcher's star will continue to fall with Reagan's. Labour is, in fact, relegated to hoping for extraneous matters to bolster its electoral prospects. Before Neil Kinnock actually launched the pre-election campaign, the polls had indicated that the Conservative incumbency on the front benches might soon be over. But it turns out that Kinnock's principal issue, nuclear unilateralism, is not a very popular cause. Nevertheless, it is Labour's cause, its one real cause, the theme of Kinnock's leadership, his loony concession to the loonies on his left. Having expelled some of Vanessa Redgrave's comrades, this may have been his only possible move. Domestic issues don't seem much to enthuse the party activists, a harsh commentary. Hence the fixation on external policy—defense, and the connected question of relations with Washington. But the nuclear question rouses only some of the faithful. Labour faces defections from those in its ranks who think Russia is not yet a sated power. Here is where scandal needs to fill the vacuum of issues left by the discovery that the nuclear peril is an impotent political weapon.

THE SCANDALS OF THE MOMENT have to do with what is, in political terms, ancient history. Better such, Maggie must be thinking, than genuinely current scandals like those that afflict her pal Ron. One of hers involves the British government in an effort to block the publication of a memoir by one Peter Wright, a former agent of the security services, MI5. Even in a country with a finely developed sense of official secrets, this is politically poisonous: it smells like a cover-up, which it may be. Further complicating the matter, the book is on trial in Australia, where the dour and formal secretary of Thatcher's Cabinet, Sir Robert Something-or-other, will duel in court with someone described as a brilliant and wild legal cowboy. In the meantime, precisely those details that the government wants to keep secret trickle out in press reports. It's a no-win situation for the Tories, since it involves a plan by British intelligence in the mid-1970s to compromise the Labour government then in power by casting doubt on the loyalty of some of Prime Minister Harold Wilson's friends. Such a conspiracy against the elected government is a very ugly business. One question is how high it reached in the security establishment. Another question, with greater historical resonance, is whether Britain's spooks can be trusted to be loyal to a socialist government. After the election of the second Labour government of Ramsay MacDonald in 1929, a theory developed on the left that the whole of the British establishment—Oxbridge educated, class bound—was so committed to capitalism that it would sabotage even popularly mandated socialism. Harold Laski wrote a little book, *The Crisis and the Constitution*, pushing this thesis, by now soundly discredited. But the treachery of MI5 officials a decade ago does raise the question of who will police the police.

RUMORS PERSIST, with or without evidence. For years rumor has had it that the present Lord Rothschild was the "fifth man," which is to say a comrade of Burgess, Maclean, Philby, and Blunt—the circle of Soviet admirers that TNR's former owner, Michael Straight, so desperately wanted to join. Leading an erratic existence, the rumor surfaces again from time to time, and over the last week or so it was inflated into a "Rothschild scandal," without it ever being quite clear what exactly was scandalous. The government's silence seemed to add credibility to the rumors. Finally Rothschild wrote a letter in the *Daily Telegraph* asking that someone with knowledge and authority clear his name. Under pressure from Commons and many of Rothschild's entrenched friends, Thatcher announced that she was "advised that we have no evidence that he was ever a Soviet agent." She could have said more: Nathaniel Mayer Victor Rothschild had won the George Medal for valor for his work as an MI5 countersabotage officer during the war. In the 1960s, moreover, he had assisted MI5 in tracking down the evidence against Philby. A brilliant scientist, he was the head of the official think tank serving Thatcher's predecessor, Edward Heath. But she didn't say more about Rothschild's patriotic service because he had actually sinned against her view of what should be done when security agencies abuse their power or are themselves otherwise compromised, which is to do nothing. What Rothschild did was apparently to have helped, financially and perhaps otherwise, Peter Wright, whose memoirs are now in the dock in Sydney. And he may also have helped a man with the wonderful name of Chapman Pincher, who wrote a book on MI5 several years ago (called *Their Trade Is Treachery*) containing many of the same allegations as Wright's memoirs but was not molested by the government. Still, Rothschild was close to a few of the Cambridge communists in the 1930s, and it will haunt him the rest of his days. He won't ever really be vindicated until there's an official inquiry. And that's not likely to happen because the government doesn't want one, not only because of the abuses it would reveal but because of real Soviet agents it has for arcane reasons been protecting for years.

HAROLD WILSON'S REPUTATION may now be safe from the plotters against him. But a new book suggests that the late Canadian prime minister Lester Pearson, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize for no one knows exactly what, may have made himself criminally innocent of the treason of Herbert Norman, a name that probably doesn't ring many bells now. At the time of Norman's suicide in 1957, he was seen as one of the innocent victims of McCarthyism extending its tentacles beyond our borders. A new book, *No Sense of Evil: Espionage, The Case of Herbert Norman*, by University of Toronto historian James Barros, argues that Norman, a Canadian foreign service officer who was ambassador to Egypt during Suez, was at least a Soviet "agent of influence" and that Pearson covered up for him before the suicide and after. This book illustrates the old and discomforting adage that "some things may be true even though J. Edgar Hoover believed them."

M. P.

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...great revolutions..." *"We know lots of revolutions, great revolutions, and magnificent people, who after taking over power, produced systems that were much worse than the ones they destroyed. We don't want to make this mistake. We will not."*

--Polish Solidarity leader Lech Walesa in a "Morning Edition" interview in Gdansk, Poland, with National Public Radio's European correspondent Neal Conan.

"I never share blame, I never share credit, and I never share desserts. It's just not my style."

--Beverly Sills, New York City Opera general director, in an interview on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

"Drunk they (the Russians) defeated Napoleon. Drunk they beat Hitler. Drunk they could win against NATO."

--Edward Luttwak, defense analyst and author of "The Pentagon and the Art of War," talking with National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" host Bob Edwards about Soviet military strength.

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--A delegate to the United Nations' World Conference on Women, talking with National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" co-host Susan Stamberg in Nairobi, Kenya.

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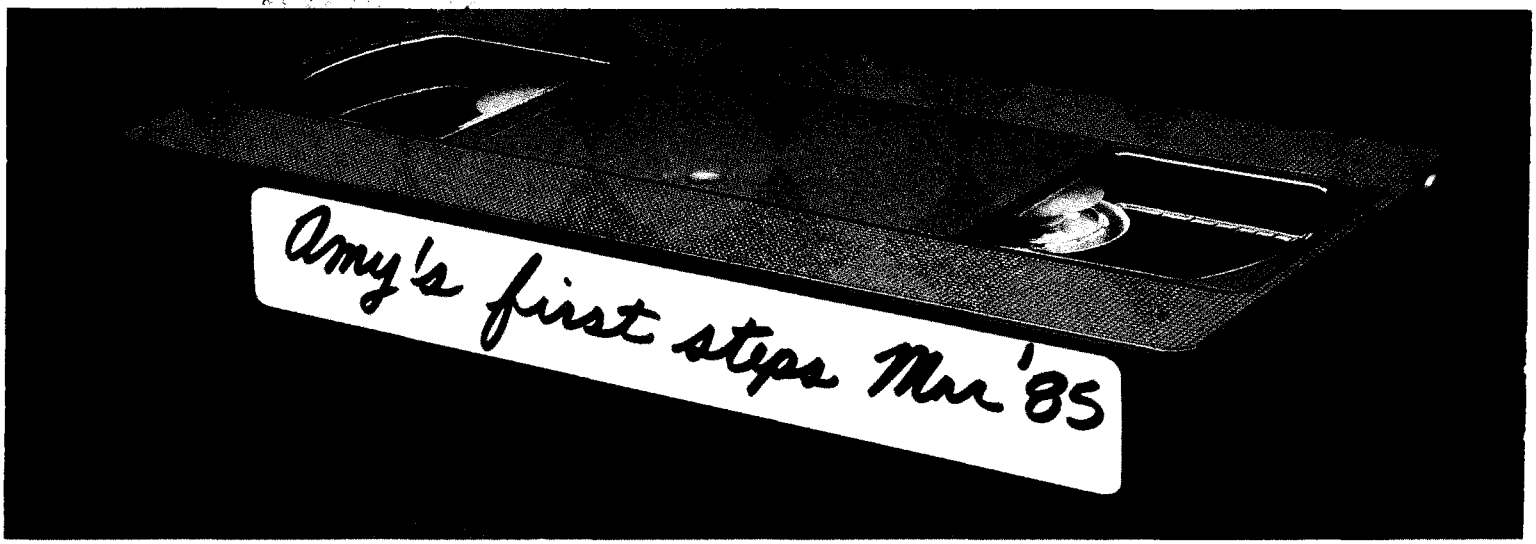

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